THE

Funny MAGZIN of INDIA.

EDITOR: R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.T.
OF "DOODLE."

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VOL. I | MADRAS, 5TH SEPTEMBER, 1933. | NO. 3

OFFICE OF ... 1 OCT 1933

... PUZZLE PRIZE
...D OTHERS

NO ENTRANCE FEE.
SEE PAGE 39.

... MUDALI ST., SOWCARPET, MADRAS.

THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

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OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol. I	MADRAS, 5th SEPTEMBER, 1933.	No. 3

Word to Weigh :

A thing of beauty has a boy for ever.

* * *

A chaffeur is one who takes life easily.

* * *

Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy.

* * *

It is a bad plan which admits of no modification.

* * *

In every enterprise consider where you would come out.

* * *

Let a fool hold his tongue, and he will pass for a sage.

* * *

I have often regretted my speech, bnt never my silence.

* * *

No good man ever grew rich all at once.

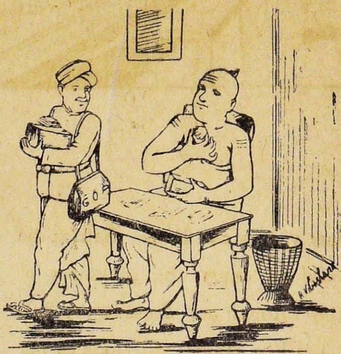
* * *

Many a wise word is spoken in jest, as many a foolish one in earnest.

* * *

Angels have no beards—as they get to heaven by a close shave.

" ASK FOR BREAD ; YOU GET......."



When Sriman Jithendra Sastry sees an advertisement about a device to keep down his hotel bills which were growing daily to alarming proportions, he orders for it by V. P. P, pays for the parcel, opens it, and finds, to his astonishment that it contains—a stone !

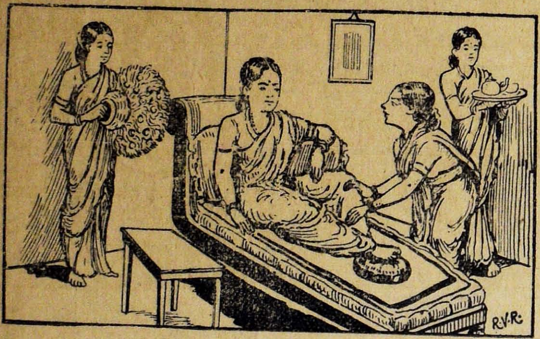
RANEE SAHIBA

Sreemathi MANORANJITHA : : MAHALAXMI BAI VARU

LIVES LABORIOUS DAYS.

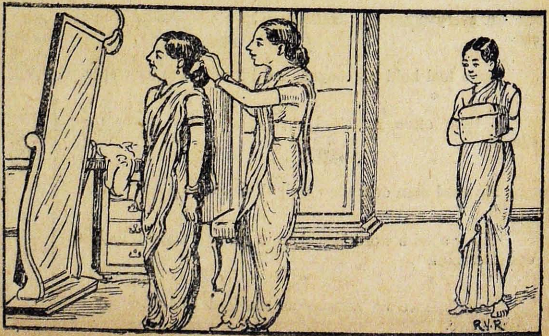
Ranee Sacrifices Herself for Her Needy Sisters' Sake.

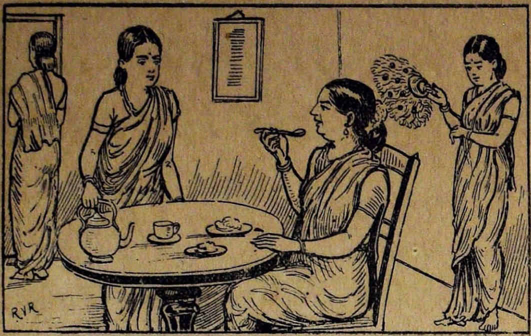
Renouncing the silken ease and golden pomp which her high birth had placed her in, Ranee Sahiba Manoranjitha Mahalaxmi Bai Varu devotes her days and delights to the cause of the Well-being of her Sisters, in whose service, Ranee Spares not her delicate self.



Day dawns; Ranee Sahiba is gently roused by her maids; fanned softly; her tired feet tenderly shampooed; she begins a day of toil and love for her less happy sisters.

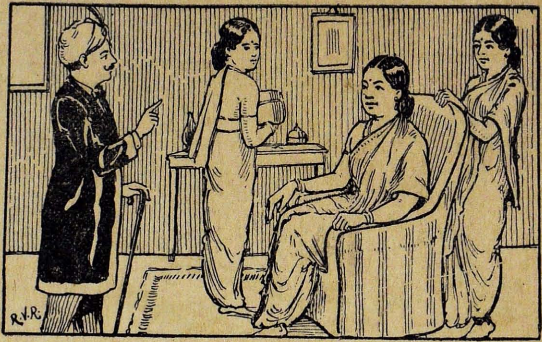
Surely, how can Ranee Sahiba be allowed to enjoy the pleasures of getting through her dressing by herself, but her maids still look to her needs before she gets ready for the chota.





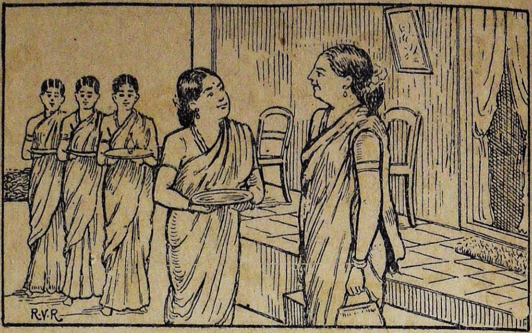
Coaxed by loving help-mates, guarded from evil eyes, with the gentle peacock feather fan still wafting a courteous breeze, more to please her near and dear maids, Ranee Sahiba partakes of sustenance to keep her loving soul within her graceful body.

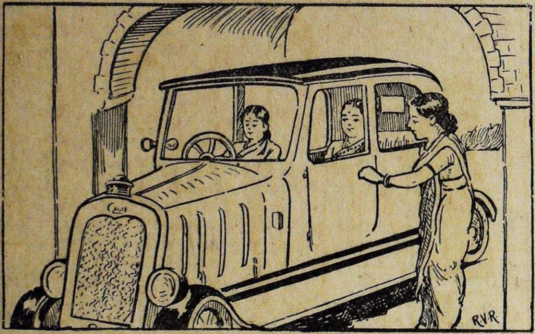
Now Raja Sahib, the partner in Ranee Sahiba's sacrifices, enjoins on the maids to see to it that, strenuous as are the heavy tasks of Ranee Sahiba, they do not affect the safety and health of her princely person.



Day's hard work approaches; the evening's task has to be done; the simple dressing is begun; fain as would the maids dress her in royal *keenkobs*, Ranee Sahiba dresses as simple as her high station in life and her loving maids would permit.

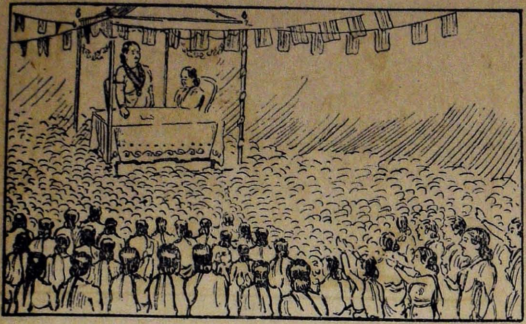
Ready is Ranee Sahiba to start; but how can the bright and beloved Light of her palace be allowed to venture out into an evil-lurking world without being safeguarded by potent prayers and hallowing *harathis* and offerings? So the dutiful maids offer *harathis* and prayers for her safe return.





Secured by sacred *Slokas* and *Charms*, Ranee Sahiba is led to her car and the door closed as gently as it starts, lest the unharming soul of the royal lady be forced to endure a Jar or a Jolt.

Arrived at the Nation-wide Conference for the Uplift and Amelioration of The Friend-in-Need Sisterhood, the Lady Secretary receives and leads the selfless and self-sacrificing Ranee amidst rows of Ladies of Light and Leading and Lustre of our Land, while thousands and thousunds of flags and festoons wave their delight overhed.



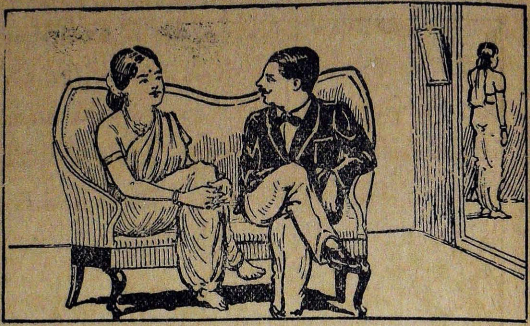
The supreme moment of Ranee Sahiba's splendid services has come; she has taken her seat on the dais with a will—a sweet will—of her own, with a determination—a delightful determination—of her own; she rises, she speaks and says, "I THANK YOU ALL" and sits amidst cheers and applause that rend the air from myriads of grateful hearts mad with joy unspeakable, and immeasurable.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
10 OCT 1933

Jaded, faded, weighed down under a heavy sense of duty and voluminous garlands, the great Friend of the Friend-in-Need Sister-hood, is reverently escorted to her car for her home to enjoy that respite she has so well earned, till she is called off for another deed of self sacrifice.

At her palace gates, safe after her glorious services in the midst and presence of thousands of her sisters of whose watchful eyes she was the cynosure, *harathis* and offerings are given to safeguard the beloved person of Ranee Sahiba from evil eyes or worse influences.

Grateful aud loving husband, the Raja Sahib, applies the soothing unctum of affection to the tired limbs and exhausted energies of his selfless spouse as the best recompense for her unparalleled services for her sisters, and through them, to the Mother-land.



:(o):

Clden Days Advertisement

ROGERS GILES'S SHOP-BILL

There is reason to believe that Roger Giles was a West-countryman. His shop-bill is referred to in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's life of Stephen Hawker, the poet Vicar of Morwenstowe where it is quoted as an example of "English composition by a schoolmaster of the old style in Devonshire," and adds: "I should have held this to be an invention inspired by Caleb Quotem in George Colman's play, 'The Review,' but that Mr. Burton of the Curiosity Shop, Falmouth, has shown me old sign-boards almost as absurd." Giles described himself as "Surgin, Skulemaster, Groser, and Hundertaker.',

Respectably informs ladys and gentleman that he drors teef without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms, and vizicks for a penny a peace. He sells Godfather's kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, docters hosses, clips donkies, wance a month, and under-takes to luke after every bodies nayls by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brars kanelsticks, fryin pans, and other moozikal hinstrumints, hat grately reydooced figers. Young ladys and gentlemen larnes their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar, also grate care taken off their morils and spellin. Also zarm-zinging, tayching the base vial, and all other zorts of fancy work, squadrils, pokers, weazels-and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfeks shun. Perfumin and snuff in all its branches. As time, is cruel bad I begs to tell ee that i has just beginned to sell all sorts of stashonary ware, cox, hens, vouls, pigs, and all other kinds of poultry. Blackin-brishes, herrins, coles, scrubbin-brishes,traykel and godley bukes and bibles, mise-traps, brick-dist, whisker-seeds, morrel pokkerankerchers, and all zorts of swatemaits including taters sassages and other garden stuff, bakky,zizzars,lamp oyle, pattins, bukkits grindin stones and other aitables, korn and bunyon zalve and all hardware.. I as laid in a large azzortement of trype, dogs mate, lolipops, ginger beer, matches and other pikkles, such as hepsom salts, hoysters, Winzer sope anzetrar. Old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, newlayed heggs by me Roger Giles; zinging burdes, keeped, sich as howles, donkies paykox, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder. Agent for selling gutty-porker souls. P.S.—I tayches gography, rithmetic, cow-sticks, jimnastics and other chynees tricks.

A Japanese Song

"THE THREE WISE MONKEYS."

O'er the door of the Sacred Temple
They sit in their wisdom, the Three—
The little deaf monkey,
The little dumb monkey,
The monkey who will not see.
With their eyes shut to evil,
Ears that hear only the right,
Lips that are dumb to scandal,
They sit in their silent might.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along;
If you keep to your left you are sure to be right;
If you keep to your right, you'll be wrong.
But in walking, a different custom applies,
And just the reverse is the rule;
If you keep to your right, you'll be right, safe, and wise;
If you keep to your left, you're a fool.

WHEN SHE IS BAD

Oh! the gladness of a woman when she's glad!
Oh! the sadness of a woman when she's sad!
But the gladness of her gladness,
And the sadness of her sadness,
Are nothing to her badness—
When she's bad!

BE MERRY

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with tho old love
Before you are on with the new.

Author unknown.

A Glorious New Love for Birds and Beasts of the Forest

H. E. Stanley, President of Protection of Wild Beasts Society

Rao Bahadur Krishna Rao Bhonsle raises a fierce War Cry

" British Empire abolished Slavery of Man a century ago ;

" To-day, abolish Slavery of Birds and Beast—our Forest Brothers."

"*Address:of Gratitude :* Your Excellencies, Friends: Like St. Francis of Assisi, to-day you have come forward to save us from wanton destruction in the name of sports. Many Addresses your Excellencies have recieved from Vanity and Ambition—but scarcely from Sincerity. Even our Friend the Crocodile is shedding tears of Joy. Safety and Sanctuary you are giving us which this Land had known in dim and distant days past. They are coming back. Yours is all the glory."

"FUNZIN"

BY 'INCOGNITO—MADURA'

1. Hark Ye! Readers! Fun is in,
Tried You, Comrades, Bhai FUNZIN?
Leave him not, it would be sin,
Should you avoid our Bhai Funzin.

2. Rightly, to you, he comes along,
Soars he up, his rivals among;
To the Rich and Poor he does belong;
To own him, the lass or lad does long.

3. Gay are his wordings, hark ye him?
Bright as the light, to slow minds, dim;
Laugh with him, you will, to the brim,
Please have him, don't avoid him.

4. First I thought of him too light,
Then I found he was merry and bright;
Just try him, he won't you, bite,
Soar then you will, to happy height.

"LOVE"

BY 'INCOGNI TO-MADURA.'

1. Love is a thing, you con't define,
But feel it you'll, and say "Very fine;"
Love is longing, lustrous light, divine,
Love is endless, running like a ravine.

2. Love is an apple, tucking in our bosom,
Love is gay, as a merry young blossom;
Love is a thing you unlock from your bosom,
Love is a prize, you can't think frolicsome.

3. Love is the Patient and our Life the doctor,
And Love stands as the World's best factor;
Love can't be argued by a Proctor,
Love, to a lad with his lass, is Nectar.

4. Loving-kisses are followed by gay hisses,
Real Love, does make one hate all other misses;
About Love, an young girl thinks and guesses,
Love is the One, you select of all lasses.

5. Loving-hearts, to heights, often do leap,
Come they out, of all the blessed heap;
Real Love, does its fruits, sure, reap,
And to find that Love, your heart does peep.

6. Without that Love, life is weary,
Without a girl by, Life is dreary;
Find her then, that hails as a Fairy,
Shine does she, in the Castle or Dairy.

GUNDU TAKES HIS WIFE FOR A DRIVE

BY PUNDI SRAMAN.

Gundu Rao returned from office,
To his quiet drunkard's cell,
He drank a Stout that would'nt suffice,
His paunch, which Michelin's patent tell.

He sauntered to his dressing room,
He posed before his toilet glass,
He scratched his hairless head with comb,
And pulled over, a sweater and draws,

His spirits up, his dress so smart,
Gundu Rao rang up an antique car.
He wished a drive; sneaked out to start,
But the starter howled calling far.

The hubby could not cheat his wife;
She tumbled down from the top floor,
Stood fierce, gainst her partner in life,
And roared she wouldn't stay within door.

Poor Gundu Rao shook in his shoes,
Summoned his heart and whispered low
"I'll take you now to 'void a row
I can't control you hubby's foe."

"I can control in crowd the car,
But can't control my wife in stroll,
And now to control wife and car,
I confess I can't reach the goal."

She sat beside the steering wheel,
Chided Gundu Rao's forgotten wrongs,
She wished to drive and steer the wheel,
And softly hum her favourite songs.

She took the wheel, she drove by beach,
She tried to turn beside a bend
"Oh, the post," cried Rao, 'I can't teach,'
And snatched the wheel she loathed to lend.

He saved the post and turned to right,
A timid fast and snappy turn,
The car rolled into sea to fight
Its way, and its inmates to turn.

THE RECLUSE

S. P. SHEIK MOHIDEEN.

My mind to me a fortness is.
Wherein I reign in peace,
Unperturbed in solitude
Aud armed with fortitude.

None my stronghold strong can storm,
Nor interrupt my calm,
Nor break my peace, nor lonliness,
Nor war my holiness.

BHAI FUNZIN'S
FORTNIGHTLY PICTURE GALLERY

OF OUR MIS-REPRESENTATIVE MEN & WOMEN & NOTABLES

Drawn by Bhai Funzin's Special Staff of Unreliable Artists.

Hail, Young Maharaja of Travancore! Yours all the honour of having left your Kingdom and gone to the West, and what is even more wonderful, come back safe. Never in the Annals of your Royal House, did any Prince that ruled your native shores, undertake such hazardous Deeds of Valour and accomplish them. Naturally, your subjects are mad with joy. Nothing surprising that you have reached your palace wading through

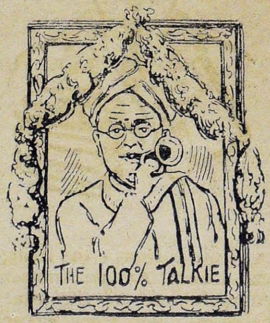
Address of Joy, gratulation, and gratitude to the Almighty for your safe return. Even Madras, which the ruling Nizam himself has honoured with a visit, has given you civic welcome.

Nor has your expedition to the West been a fruitless or frivolous one of self indulgence; on the other hand, you have announced that you have made up your mind to bring in the best of the West to the East and to your hill bound shores.

Nor need we doubt it: you have already given proofs of your adaptability: You have practically discarded the head-gear of your ancestons in favour of the upper India unending turban, i. e., you have Hindustan-ized yourself and your brother; with hat in one hand as a sign of travels in the West, you are fighting shy of your old puggree and endure it only when you cannot help it, somewhat like a Prince of Puducottah who wedded an Australian lady and ruled his Raj, not from a lesser distance than 6000 miles, and endured his State only for its milk-giving convenience.

Let us hope that this venture to the West will only be the first of many more for the good of Travancore.

Sjt. Satyamurthi, whose portrait was unveiled in the Madras Corporation, by the Lord Mayor, in fitting recognition by his admirers, of his sound and sonorous services to our Land teeming with notoriously voiceless millions.

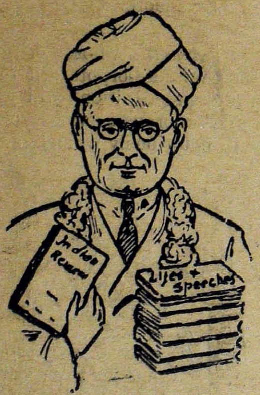


That the Mayor Muthiah Chetty should perform the ceremony is only mere gratitude; for, has not this great orator rendered yeoman service in building up of the Annamalai University ? If only Sjt. Satyamurthi cared to choke

the cherished scheme of Raja Sir Annamalai, would he not have thwarted it by raising the nationalist cry of "too much foreign education;" "of denationalising dangers of over University education" and stirring cries of that kind? Thanks to Raja's good luck, the selfless patriot cooperated with him.

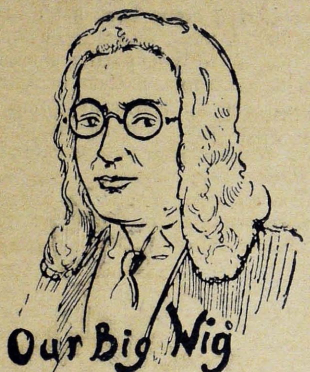
The portrait is a tribute to his stirring eloquence which has been likened to that of the late Eardley Norton and Dr. Nair, which comparison is, as everybody will gladly acknowledge, a splendid posthumous compliment to the two dead speakers and an act of generosity of Sjt. Satyamurthi or his admirers. Many more honours and future mayoralty to our intrepid orator with the brass trumpet.

To Hon'ble Mr. G. A. Natesan, nobody will grudge the celebration of his 60th Birthday; all felicitations to the Committee of Hosts, for has not Mr. Natesan stood the Host to other great men in his turn? The father of the Indian Review and the Distributor of Speeches and Lives of Great Men profitable to his countrymen and his own good self, he will always have a cosy, warm nook in



the shelves of his patrons: the living spirit of the National Liberal Annual Amusement Fair and the willing follower of the late ferocious V. Krishnaswamy Iyer, since whose demise, his loyalty has unreservedly and unstintingly been transferred to the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Sastry, and thus walking in the fear of God and Elders of Influence, has secured to the veteran and wise journalist his place in the Council of State and his trip to Ottawa: many more happy greetings to Mr. Natesan.

This is certainly a Big-Wig: Madras has reason to be proud of him. Young, comparatively, he has mounted up—jumped up, we might have said—to the Chair of the Assembly. In the place of Patel!—well, one might pause. But, be it remembered that Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chetty was a Swarajist Whip. From a Whip to the Wig. Yes, one has to play the game. When others do it;



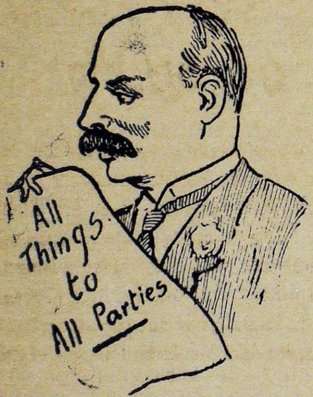
when others make a convenience of their politics, why not Sir Shanmugam? If achievement is what matters, then Sir Chetty has scored. The stepping stone to success is success: why not wish Sir Chetty a long term of Cabinet office? Or, better still, a Governorship of a safe, inland province for all he has done to the Empire and the Indian Govt. at Ottawa?

Versatile Sir C. P. Ramasamy Iyer has come back. "Fight and Love" is the law of his life. To fight Adyar, to fight Leadbeater's philosophy and turn a loving and loved friend of Dr. Besant; to almost get into the clutches of Law and then administer that very portfolio of Law; to be a leading politician and then

turn into a loving and tender legal Cicerone to a Prince, there is the flashes of the facets

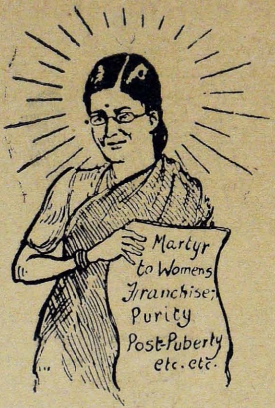
of a brilliant like Sir C. P. R. Iyer. Well might one ask, what next?

"Back they brought the Warrior's bread," is not quite so bad an adjustment of the well-known poem. Sir Patro has come back. Never mind what the nature of the



paper he has got for us: no matter whether it is white, bright or blank. Thrice and more times did he go to England: spoke words of passion or peace as suited the times: praised Gandhi or thundered for Law and Orderly Progress as the occasion needed or as the temperament of the Party in power needed; has come back full of honour and a consciousness of having done his best for his people, for himself and those near and dear to him. What more need any man do?

Dr. Muthulaxmi Reddy, frail of body, but full of fire for the purity of Indian sisters, is another arrival from the West, whither she had gone to fight for the freedom of the sisters of her Motherland. Her zeal for the emancipation of Indian women outruns even the miseries they actually suffer; such is the highly coloured pictures of her poetical patriotism that many Indian Women wonder whether the ills and perils the learned Doctor describes belongs to Indian women or, whether



those ills and perils have as much reality as the hostile goblins and ghosts who were conjured up and destroyed by the famous and redoubtable Knight of La Mancha. Her Indian sisters, happy or not, Dr. Muthulaxmi Reddy is prepared to fight as long as life lasts without being harassed by considerations of harmony with truth.

Hers not to reason why;
Hers only to fight and die.

Back she has come to our midst: surely many a heart would fervently pray that ere long she might have a splendid chance to fight for her sisters, for, as was aptly said

Woman's battle once begun.
Bequeathed from coaxing Eve to her Kind.
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.

Not by politics exactly was *Dewan Bahadur Gopathy Narayanaswami Chetty* drawn to England with his wife and son and man-servant and maid-servant : it is social uplift work. Wherever he may roam, whatever realms to see, his heart, fondly, untrammelled, turns to the prison and the man within. To save the poor man whom Society condemns, to sweeten his life while he is in prison, to make his prison life as comfortable and as elevating, and even as tempting as possible, is the life work of this apostle of Prison Reform. In

his zeal to remove the stain of savage treatment to our prisoners, to bring up our jails to the level of the boasted humanitarian allurements of the advanced prisons of civilized countries, not unlikely that the over-zealous Indian Howard has made our jails too inviting ; perhaps he is chargeable for the ease with which some of our friends have been rushing to our prisons under the plea of politics or something equally sporting.

Nevertheless, the Dewan Bahadur has undoubetedly shed a new ray of light into the recesses of our Jail life and prisoners, generations of them, will praise the name of one who found their diet made of ragi and left it made of rice. May his zeal and shadow never grow less!

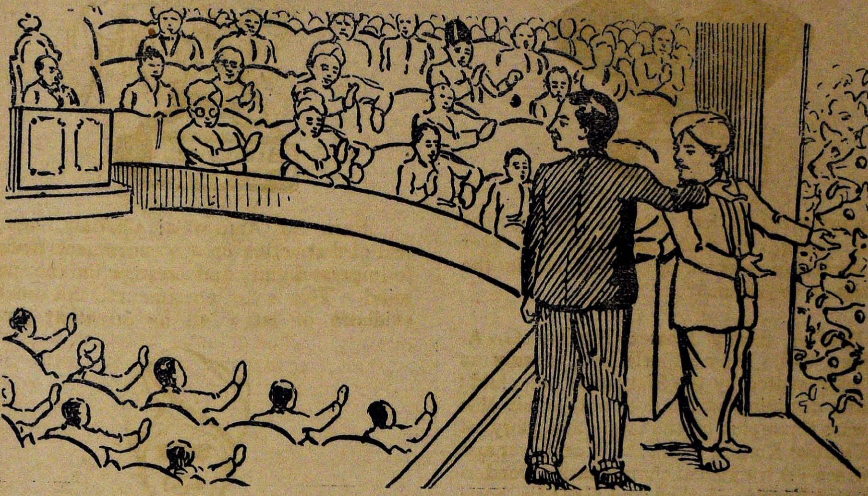
Hearty congratulations to Kumararaja Muthiah Chettiar: President only last November; a mayor within a few months by a special and breathlessly hurried Act of the Legislative Council, with his Golden Chain and mace: Well, even Cinderella was not so quickly metamorphosed, notwithstanding that a real and full-blown fairy was working the god-motherly wonder. But, the good luck of it all was that such an early opportunity offered itself to the eager Citizens to witness their mayor rigged out in the glory of his high office. Let Princes of Royal blood, Rulers of Indian States visit the shores of Madras and give constant opportunities for

the illustrious son of an illustrious father to constantly don the chain of office, so as not to let it hang like a rusty nail on the wall: Still Kumararaja Mayor has only started his career; his luck or tact,—which is it?—has carried him through journalistic squalls; hope the same luck will still follow him.

One of our Ornamental Trinity so badly needed in the public life of Madras or, for that matter, for any city with pretensions to advanced political life, Sir Md. Cosman Saheb Bahadur as a member of the Madras Cabinet has cast so peculiar a spell on Madras Society by his gentle, docile and hearty manners, that when Mr. Sami Venkatachalam Chetty delivered his three well-known speeches on Police excesses in the treatment of Picketers, in the Council, the public was so astonished at the defence Sir Oosman put up for the Police. But such was his tenderness of heart and love for the Govt. Employees that Hon'ble Sir Oosman threw to the winds, fairness or fairplay and only minded the screening of the

(See Page 14.)

Dr. Subbaroyan & Sami Venkatachelam Chetty challenge the M.L.C's.
"Hon'ble Members, Don't eke out 3 years into 5 years;
"Come out, Face the Electors who are our Real Masters;
"Don't cringe for extension of Term till New Reforms;
"Why dread the Electors, our Masters? Take their mandate;
"Why, bug-like, stick on to your seats for fear of losing them?"
But Prayer of M. L. C's: "Don't throw us to Electoral wolves!"



Dr. Subbaroyan and Mr. Sami Venkatachelam Chetty, Members of the Madras Legislative Council, "Hon'ble Brothers, Come out and face the Electorate who are our real Masters. Let us come back or go out as it pleases them. It is not clean or honest politics to take advantage of the delay in the coming of Reforms, which, at the lowest would take two years.

M. L. C's, holding on to their seats and anxious to keep on, "Ah, Your Excellency, it is, verily, a pack of wolves, this electorate; don't throw us on to them. But, pray, let us stay on. Why force us to face perils and expense? After all, these electors do not know what is good for them. They have of late become quite ferocious. Save us from their wolfish jaws."

BHAI FUNZIN'S FORTNIGHTLY PICTURE GALLERY.

(*Continued from page 12.*)

Police and incidentally retaining his office. To him, public_opinion, when he championed

the cause of the Police, was as nothing; the heroic courage he then displayed will ever be memorable as throwing in the shade the exploits of Casabianca.

Hon'ble Sastry blesses Hon'ble G. A. Natesan with a truly fatherly love, as truly as it is reciprocated by the Sixty-year old child: Rapidly declining health does not permit this Stalwart Champion of the might and glory of the Greatest Empire which the World ever saw or will see—A truly great champion of a wonderfully vast Empire. A thousand Ghandis, hosts of Gokhales and Desabhandus by hundreds, might thunder or fast, or go into exile, or take up the beggar's bowl as a protest against the acts of the Govt. But the faith of Hon'ble Sastry in the fairness of the Briton, the adroit acumen with which he can read sermons in the stones of Britain, is almost sublime, if not beautiful. Surely, Britain has done much as an expression of its admiration for such a single-minded admirer. But, the feeling lurks, that more can be done for one so worthy of his wages.

Spends his time now by sending crisp Telegrams and congratulations and occasional Interviews: a highly ornamental piece on great occasions.

Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar, sets the seal of distinction on any movement designed to impress dignity and prestige on the public mind. This is an Ornamental not much in evidence of late: but as one that gave a

University, he will long be remembered; though, like Tata, he would have done better if he had not made his University the price of a Raja-ship. Many cannot help recalling the G C. B. of the Nizam; for they read it, "Gave Curzon Berar."

What New Reforms will likely Give to M. L. A's.
Lord Willingdon's Bag of "Political Influence" holds it all
Once in the Bag, Lord Willingdon cannot give them out
Practically all the M. L. As'. demands stowed away in the Bag
Only Boon of Right to Self-Taxation the likely outcome of it all!

M. L. A's: "Why not, Your Lordship, we have a voice in the Railway management, or the Bank affair or in any of these in that Bag?"

Lord Willingdon, as spokesman of the Policy of Home Authorities, "My Friends, I quite see what you want; I see also how sweetly reasonable some of your demands are. But, we cannot let these things come into your hands. They are here safeguarded in this Bag of Political Influence. We know it will do you no good to give you all you ask. But this one, I am sure will do you immense good. Do take it and be happy."

"VILASINI'S WOOING"

Part—II. THE BIG CATCH

—:(o):—

(BY R. N. KASYAP.)

New Readers Start Here.

PART I—THE CONSPIRACY. Vilasini was the only daughter of Gunasekhar, a rich merchant and his wife Malati. She was an intelligent girl and was well up in fine arts like music and painting. But she was rash in her actions and she delighted in dangers.

Once she courted trouble by going out on her cycle after dusk without carrying a light. And when accosted by a policeman she purposely let the cycle fall on him. He 'booked' her and the next day she had to pay a fine of five rupees.

She had two friends, Susila and Ann, who were also of the same mentality. Once at their suggestion Vilasini began to paint the form of a woman with a man's head. For that purpose the trio decided to abduct some one belonging to the "foolish sex." 'The foolish sex' 'the unfair Half,' 'the autocrats', 'the stony-hearts' and 'the big-bellies' were sobriquets used by them for men.

Now Read On.

Part II—THE BIG CATCH.

Ram Ghir was the only son of the Zamindar of Gudanapuram and he was a student of the B. A. Class in the Presidency College. He was a young man of twenty summers with handsome features and a genial temperament. He was popular among the students and had many friends. With the members of the other sex he had a particular method of behaving which won for him the admiration of them; he was, what they generally call, a ladies' man. He put up in the hostel attached to the College.

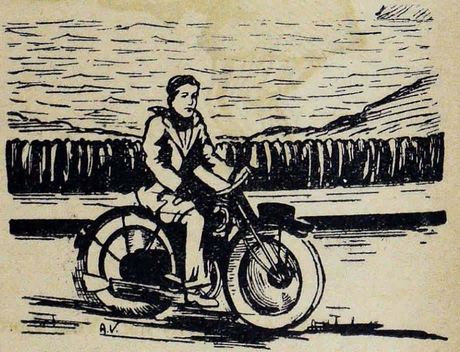
On the evening of September 30, the weather being delightful Ram Ghir went to the Tennis court early. Fortunately for him there were not many members present, and he got four sets in singles and he won them all. So he was very much pleased with himself; and, in the best of moods he returned to his room.

Back in his room, he did not like to stay there. He sought company and he found three fellows in search of a fourth for a game at Bridge. Ram Ghir supplied the gap. Here too he found himself winning. During the course of about half a dozen deals he won two grand slams. This extraordinary luck added to his excellent spirits.

Ram Ghir was one who had cultivated regular habits. Punctual to the minute he was in the dining hall at half past seven, That was his supper hour and never would he be late for his supper. That finished, he went straight to his room and began to read that evening's paper. But he could not very well concentrate his attention on the paper. So he threw the paper away after a cursory glance at the sports column.

He was at his wits' ends. He did not know what to do. Somehow he did not like the idea of joining his friends in some idle gossip about the college professors. At last he fixed upon a drive along the marina in his motor-bike.

The night was very dark and the sky was cloudy. Thunder and lightning were incessantly giving warning to people about the approach of a shower. So Ram Ghir provided himself with his rain coat and started for the garage. Wheeling the machine out he started it and began moving slowly towards Adyar. A pleasant breeze was blowing gently from the sea and Ram enjoyed the drive.



.... and Ram enjoyed the drive.

After about half an hour, he turned back. When he came back to the Triplicane beach the clock at the Presidency tower indicated five minutes to nine. Ram Ghir thought of spending sometime in the sands. So he drove on and opposite to the Senate House he stopped. Leaving the machine near the kerb, he went towards the sea.

He lay down about ten yards from the waters. Fifteen minutes elapsed. The evening's exertion at Tennis, his

(See page 33.)

THE MICHAELMAS - - - - VACATION.

BY T. L. EDWIN.

My charming young wife is an acknowledged adept at settling weighty matters by the time-honoured feminine method of jobbing blindfold with a pin. Of course I wasn't first an admirer of her method, but when I found that this year, she pinned the winner of the Governor's Cup, and the merchants' cup of Guindy, I had to grudgingly acknowledge her prowess.

Being a bachelor has its drawbacks. Although I am a man of leisure and means, I was till I got married, spending my holidays at Ooty, the place where all lazy folks crowd for the 'season'. I had no originality in my choice of places. But since my marriage, I accepted her guidance in all weighty matters, and she always settled them satisfactorily with a pin.

Yesterday, suddenly my wife got an idea that Madras wasn't worth living in any more till the end of September. So drawing up the chair to my table, she gave me a nudge.

"Whereabouts and when," she asked me. "Here is the S. I. R. Guide and here is a nice new pin fresh from the foundry. Close your eyes, open the pages at random and job as usual," I said patiently.

My wife did so. Then we both peered. "Chetpat," I read out and laughed aloud. "Imagine any one spending his holidays at Chetpat," I remarked.

"Why not?" queried my wife.

"I ask you! Fancy having to tell our neighbours, and specially that gossip loving Mrs. Duraiswamy that we are going to Chetpat for the vacation. It is rediculous and positively funny."

What's the use of my jobbing if you do not accept what the pin gives you! The other day when I jobbed Ramah—"Mrs. Clarke," I interrupted.

Well Mrs. Clarke & Ramah mean the same thing anyway. The other day when I jobbed 'Ramah' for the 'Governor's Cup' you went and backed 'Avalan' and lost."

"Count the job as a trial ball," I said closing the guide, "and start afresh."

Flick-Flick-Flick went the pages, job went the pin.

Where are we now?" said my wife keeping her eyes closed.

"Out of bounds," I answered tersely "you have made a hole in a Rolex Wrist watch advertisement at the end of the book. You shouldn't flick so lavishly."

"All right I'll go quietly this time", murmured my wife.

Flick-job!

"You break the glad tidings," I suggested, lighting a cigarette; and she announced 'Kodur'.

I looked at the puncture and gasped. It was not a Railway station. It was seventeen miles from Tanjore Junction and so many miles from anywhere. I wondered how it had found its way to a Time-Table.

Then I found that it boasted of a wonderful scenery, and had a big lake, and a few caves. "A delightful spot I should say" said my wife. Are you fond of fishing?

"Not particularly," I replied. "I don't want to spend six weeks fishing in a lake. Besides I might exhaust the lake of all its fishes."

"You might teach me fishing," cooed my wife.

"That would make it too exciting altogether, I must think of my arteries, and blood pressure at my age," I snapped.

"Well," mused my wife, I suppose the pin took all that into consideration when it pricked. It wouldn't be playing the game to job again."

And that settled it. The next evening we boarded the Boat-Mail. Just as the train was about to steam off, an Anglo-Indian girl of about sixteen, with painted cheeks and lips, boarded the train and sat opposite to us. After a time she fidgeted a little to the left and a little to the right. Then she crossed her legs. The cross was a very modest one—not right angular in the Greek or Roman manner to which we have since become accustomed—but more in the nature of an elongated letter. Ten inches of well shaped thighs automatically displayed themselves. Legs have a peculiar facination for men, specially feminine legs. Even producers have found this, and are now bent on showing more legs on the screen, than they did formerly. My eyes strayed towards the Anglo-Indian lady's legs. My wife's eyes strayed towards mine. Meanwhile the train steamed into Chengulpet Junction. My wife got up hurriedly and wanted me to change to the next carriage, complaining about some bad smell in the carriage we were hitherto occupying. I guess the Anglo-Indian girl's legs had something to do with this shifting. Grudgingly I called a porter, and within five minutes we were seated in the next carriage.

We got down at Tanjore, and hiring a taxi arrived at Kodur at about 8-30 in the morning.

Luckily within an hour we managed to get a thatched cottage in that God-forsaken place, for the paltry rent of ten rupees. There were real wild shrubs round the door-way, a genuine thatched roof, an antique well demonstrably full of water, a perpetual chorus of feathered songsters and a complete absence of telephones, insurance canvassers. wireless and relatives.

My wife flitted hither and thither and made the cottage fit to inhabit in less time than it takes an anocenda to swallow a chicken. Well we lived in that cottage for a fortnight, and I still shudder to think of those dismal days.

Having always been a philanthropist and a benefactor to fellow-beings, I would like to give them the benefit fo my experiences.

It is not that I have any prejudice against thatched cottages, as such. Given the choice between a thatched cottage and an attack of dysentry, I would take the cottage. But it happens that I have been stung, and the marks still linger.

Why do I habitually wear my turban tilted far forward over my left eyebrow?

To conceal the lump, resembling a marble, which I sustained in a collision with an old tamarind beam, in that beastly cottage at Kodur. What lies behind my notorious reluctance to remove my socks in public? The black scar that marks the spot where my left shin encountered, the raised door-step, in that d—d cottage.

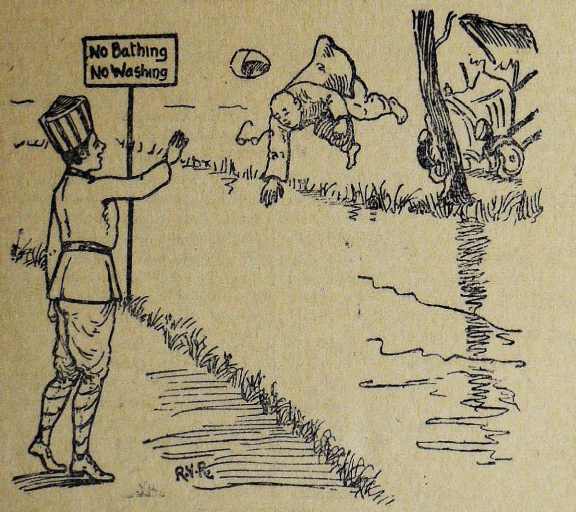
It will be realised therefore, by the holiday spending people, that I speak with some authority when I say that this country cottage business is all rot.

So far as my experience goes—and it could not, as I have indicated go any further, without cripling me for life—country cottages of the type under discussion does not afford a moment's peace. If one is not trotting Seventeen miles to get a bottle of Kerosene oil, or mending the thatched roof one is either killing stray snakes, or extracting defunct cats, and other fauna from the well. I have had my hands full all the fifteen days I spent there. Once in two days, I had to administer first aid to self, or wife, or to the servant for having stunned themselves by rising too suddenly from the chair or forgetting to enter tbe kitchen on all fours.

And even when these manifold labours have been accomplished and one wearily crawls to bed, does peace spread her soothing wings on the rustic scene? Not by a long shot, she doesn't. For it is then that the simple rustic rats emerge to gambol on the simple rustic floor, and you have got to jump out of bed, and follow the method of the City Police, and commence a lathi charge. When you are just dropping off to sleep after counting 81276 sheep, spiders the size of rats slip down and lay eggs on your nose. The mosquitoes moths and other insects would make the rustic cottage a veritable haven for an eutomologist.

Well, now that September is here, all ye privileged few, who intend going somewhere for the holidays, note the above and avoid, even when your better halves recommend you, rustic country cottage life. So far as I am concerned country cottage houses and all that they imply are definitely out.

DUTY IS DUTY



Policeman to motorist thrown out by accident: "No, no, Sir, don'tcome down here. You will be really breaking the law if you bathe here."

WAR BRINGS PEACE

The following l nes were found inscribed on the wall of a shelled house in a devastated French village during the Great War

War provokes pillage,
Pillage brings ruin,
Ruin brings patience,
Patience implies peace;
Thus does war produce peace.

PEACE BRINGS WAR

Peace provokes abundance,
Abundance brings arrogance
Arrogance brings war,
Thus does peace produce war.

TRUTH AND ERROR

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

Life is vain: A little love, A little hate,...And then—good day! Life is short: A little hope, A little dream,... And then—Goodnight!

A Doctor was called in to attend an ailing baby.

"You'll have to give him a dose of castor oil," said the medical man to the child's mother.

The mother, one of the ultra-modern type, had expected the prescription to take the form of a violet-ray bath or something like that.

"But, doctor," she said, "Castor oil! Castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

The doctor nodded in agreement.

"Babies, madam," he replied, "are old-fashioned things."

* *

Old Lady: "How are you children getting along?"

Small Boy: "Fine—Tony wants to be a gangster, and Jane wants to be a chorus girl."

"But what about Joe?"

"Oh, we had to kill him; he wanted to be a scholar."

* *

"Your daughter ordered these photographs, sir."

"H'm! They're very like her. Did she pay for them?"

"No sir."

"Still more like her!"

"FUNZIN"—THE BHAI,

Bhai Funzin is popularly known,
To Young or old, he is not unknown;
Cartoons, he has, humorous and bold,
Wit and mirth, with Fun untold;
A humorous survey of the way of the World,
Does he in his left hand hold;
In his right hand, holds he an arm:
Know we not its size or form;
He is funny and so are his words,
Evade him not for all the worlds.

"INCOGNITO—MADURA"

TRUE SCOUT.

To a cinema went a coot,
The fellow was he a true scout;
The scene of a house on fire,
During the show did appear;
And, lo! the fellow took the pail,
Of sparkling water with a wail,
And on the screen did he sprinkle,
While the audience did chuckle.

S. RANGACHARI.

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

I

There's a story freely sung
Where Bengal Shikaris sit at mess
About a lady sadly young
I forgot her home address.

II

Great nerve she had and knew the game
Of handling large and savage brutes;
Even the tiger turning tame
Would crouch down when it heard her hoots.

III

One day while lunching near the hill
She tossed him many a tasty snack,
And not a hitch occurred until
She started riding on his back.

IV

In what direction went the twain,
Whether the brute obeyed her whim,
Or feeling shaky, she was fain,
To leave the choice of route to him;—

V

Whether he galloped lithe and gay
Or trickled at a funeral trot,
I should not hesitate to say
Were I aware, but I am not.

VI

One thing is certain; human sight
Failed at the rest, but this is known—
That when the tiger late at night
Came padding back, he came alone;

VII

Alone, that is to outward view,
But purring softly all the while,
His tummy big enough for two,
And on his face a fat fat smile.

T. L. EDWIN

A FUNNY JUDGMENT—A POEM

BY "NATH"

The tuft, and the crop quarrelled one day,
Before Mr. Toilet the Judge they say,
"What's your case", demanded the Judge
"I shall settle it now without a gruge".

"Which of us should adorn the human head
Either the ugly tuft or I in his stead,
Is the case your Honor ought decide,
With Mr. Razer as Jury at your side.

I am the crown of a fashionable Fop.
And beauty sets me foremost in her shop.
To decide in my favour your honor I pray"
Thus pleaded the crop and had its say.

Up rose the tuft his case to defend,
"The fair sex for their beauty on me depend.
I am ever loved by the orthodox.
Though others term me ugly in paradox."

His Honor Mr. Toilet, his Judgment gave.
Which further trouble 'ween the parties did save.
"The hair clipped short is termed the crop.
From an untrimmed crop the tuft doth prop.

But when on the head one reigns supreme
The other for that power ahould not dream".

(An imaginary poem)

STUDY OF LOVE IN A LIGHTER VEIN.

I

I grow up and now discover
What it was to be a lover.
Some young lady was selected
Rich certainly high-connected
Whom I hailed (for Love is Blind)
As the queen of Faery kind.

II

Tho' she was rare-perhaps too sprightly—
Took her head up-talked so lightly
In her form my fancy traced up
All the gifts of all the Gods up
Rivals all my maiden tried
Yet I took her and she took pride.

III

Three years later! Time progresses
Soured her temper, thinned her tresses
Fancy then—her love relaxed
These are facts tho' so well matched
"Faery" queen is no longer true
Faery queen is not loving you."

IV

"Friends" had certainly intruded
Quite unbidden—just as I did
There are a source of pride and bubble
Just as I was—only Double
Came at last the final stroke
Time had had its little Joke.

S. V. RAMANUJAN.

"MY GRUDGE"

Mr. S. Vas, the beaux of our college hostel could not be judged of what caste, creed or colour he was. But my friend and room mate who happened to be his village mate whispered to me that he was the only son of a Mr. Ramanujachariar—a Swayamacharya Iyengar, purohit of Bhavani. But none could have recognised in the American crop, the rimless eyeglass, the dotless but profusely powdered forehead with the 'Light of Asia' sending tasteful clouds of smoke, the stiff collar, the dark serge suit, the clean white shirt front with bold flat Krementz buttons, the strangling bow, the peeping silk pocket-kerchief and a slender cane.—Tip top in fashion—this Mr. S. Vas uncurtailed full name being Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar.

Stiff-necked and serious, severely self-contained and reserved, posed himself as an oligarch of aristocrats. Every evening he used to strut out majestically, hail a Riksha and drive down to the Marina—play the 'cock' about the Q. M. C.—Why?

Why should not boys, then, mind their own business?

Some book worms and bats might—but not Me and my set! The first meeting on the sands that ridge the waves off the beach was but casual, the second seemed queer. The third and the fourth on the same identical, point-for point bank appeared singular! The fifth and the sixth looked suspicious!—well groomed and in glittering robes, back faced against the Bay, with no other gaze accept that fixed squarely on a not of buxom gals,—never mind their identity, possibly from the Q. M. C.!—confirmed us in our view, that Vas was out on a 'Dove-catching' game. We boys can't but aspire to jump at agreeable conclusions all too quickly. If it had been a question of friendship, well sir, we might have had a hand—to help—or at any rate to prospect for a 'nugget' and then a 'placer'. But there was neither friendship nor even a gesture of sympathy in this game... only the idle curiosity to discover...the burning curiosity of busy idlers to find out—

"WHO IS THE SHE"?

Rajagopal was the leader, the leader of mischief, the clever detective of our hostel very popular with the 'Mountains'—the living terror of the 'Plains'. This was Mr. Rajagopal. The back benchers perched on the raised back-seats were the 'Mountaineers' and the first benchers on the floor, the 'Plainers'.

We met this busy body and reported ourselves to him with facts and figures against Mr. Vas the Invincible—and he chuckled. 'The game can be best played' said he 'if you will follow me carefully! We agreed.........

The next evening he called us all to his room; and there brought out a neatly written letter under the head

SRIMATHI RAJAMANI AMMAL

III year M. C. (Hons.)

Women's Educational Hostel

Madras...............193 .

written with a feminine flourish and stroke and subscribed 'your loving' 'Rajamani'. He got an envelope sealed it—and did not address it.

Somewhere about 6 P. M. while unconsciously murmering to himself a love tune, perched on the sand bank alone and unattended, musing and melancholic, Vas experienced almost an electric shock, for just behind him an unaddressed neat and sweet smelling (probably Eau-de-cologue) envelope lay quite within his reach. He looked up and beheld just a few yards off the reluctantly retreating form of a very graceful and good looking young thing, a Malayalee girl of seventeen or eighteen springs, yes spring!—who turned her sweet curly haired head with an enchanting face, smiled reassuringly and disappeared in an instant behind a cluster of girls just risen to retrace their steps to the hostel rooms. Vas eagerly tore open the envelope, pouted his lips several times and declared 'there is no doubt of it, and such a sweet, dear name too!' He read through it again. "My dear friend, Forgive me for the following. I was afraid it would have been deemed unmaidenly and immodest to address you whose name to me is naught aught but cupid emboldened me to write that letter, but I guessed.........,when I saw your assuring smile last evening as we all girls rose up to get back to our hostels. This settled it up; and that love smile of yours, friend Bacchus, robbed me of all sleep last night and I have been at civil war all along since then with myself. But my inner's self which got the better of it craves for your love and speech. Please, therefore, fail not to favour me with a small interview at half past six to-morrow evening in the bower close to the tank bund in the Park. I shall be awaiting you anxiously. Even if it is to chide me for the presumption I will be happier yet as—your loving. Rajamani".

Vas was too happy for words; his feelings were—Oh! who could describe it!

One section of the hostel was all astir—chucklings and gigglings! But Vas too preoccupied with himself to note all that. A clean saloon shave, a well ironed suit, starched Prince Albert collar, new dress shoes, and the brand new fawn hat—all quite trim—extra super excellent self grooming—a Boudoir Toilet a stupendous make up of Mr, Vas and at 5 P. M. Vas stalked out—when a chorus of "Good Luck Rajagopal! Hurrah!" Vas ran throughout the corridor and boarded a bus bound for Broadway!

Sometime after 6-40 P. M. a lonely young Malayalee girl walked sedately into the bower and sat on edge expectantly on a lone back bench. Five minutes had not elapsed when the hero appeared on the scene with on lager look, a covetous stealthy gait and a suspicious nod with a searching look all around......'My dear —' gasped a small effiminate voice..... 'Ha! Rajamani'......' cooed Mr. Vas.........' Yes, My love, I despaired you'd forgotten.........' 'Never so lightly darling'—extending his thin and manicured hand, Vas, slowly endeavoured to embrace the young thing. When all in a sudden a hundred sharp whistles, exclamations after exclamations of unholy joy and rudest ridicule rent the skies. Then —' Thop—Thup—Thip with a loud clappings of hands jumped about a dozen or so of our hostel boys—'Hurrahing' and 'hip-hipping' from about the dense branches of a mango tree overlooking the bower.

Vas was frightened, leapt and scanned the scene to take a run......... when Rajamani clunged to his shoulders, 'No...no...Dearest mine! Don't leave me so—a prey to these villains—As she did so—her Tope (false hair)'

JAYA'S ADVICE.

By RAJAMANI.

DAY in day out Leela was putting on a sorrowful mien. What has led to this nobody could tell, but the next house Jaya could not rest unanswered on that point. So Jaya making herself bold went to the house of Leela, and finding her seated as though suffering from melancholia, proceeded to the spot where Leela was lounging on a sofa. When the latter perceived Jaya, she was accorded a warm welcome, and Jaya had sense enough to perceive that Leela's smile was only a forced one. Jaya without waiting any longer for Leela to open the convarsation began by saying "I am not going to seat myself in your house or partake the pansupari you have placed before me, unless and until you enlighten me on one point. I know you can do it. Unless you promise to do so I will not sit on this sofa".

All this was like a bolt from the blue for Leela; but having known the next house Jaya for a sufficiently long time she dare not refuse. But little did she anticipate the nature of the query. So she said "What Jaya why should you put so many conditional clauses here. Have I any day refused you anything that you wanted of me. I promise that I will, if I know, enlighten you with any information you want." Emboldened at the assurance given by Leela Jaya said "Now tell me why are you out of spirits nowadays. You are not as you used to be when you came to this place. I find a marked change in you. I want enlightenment only on this point. I know it is sure to be some delicate matter, but I have come over here to learn it, and if possible relieve you of the trouble. Kindly divulge your secret since you dare not go back on your word."

Leela not knowing what to do exactly, was in a fix. But remaining mum would only wound Jaya her true and sincre friend, to whom Leela owed so many pleasant evenings. So assuring herself that no eavesdroppers were near at hand Leela told Jaya "My dear, I have nothing else to long for except my hubby's company. When we were just nuptialled he always used to keep me company rarely going out, and if it all he went out to any of these picture houses he used to take me along with him. But nowadays he is scarcely at home. In the morning he goes away to his walk, in the day to his office, and in the evening to the club, from where he turns home in the night only very late." So saying Leela shed tears which simply made Jaya sob. But the latter coming to Leela's aid said "Now Leela you don't weep. I will tell you one thing. You do according to it. When at night he comes home and knocks at the door ask in a bit audible tone "Oh is that you Ramu" and then open the door, but pose as though you were taken unawares" But Leela was afraid that her husband might mistake her, to be in illicit intimacy with that imaginary "Ramu." But Jaya coming to her aid once more said "Now Leela, your husband Raghavan being a man with some education will always think twice before he leaps. He will watch you himself coming home at unusual hours and will latterly convince himself about the chastity of his beloved." The excuse being plausible Leela promised to practise the trick upon her husband that night itself and Jaya quite satisfied that she has brought forth cheer once more in her friend's face, made her way homewards.

It was night ten o'clock when there was the familiar knock of Leela's husband and Leela as per the previous advice of Jaya opened the door with a "Is that you Ramu." Raghavan's hair stood on their end, but he pretended not to have leard Leela's words, got up the stairs as usual, and was abed after the meal. Leela even doubted whether her husband Raghavan did not sleep throughout the night. In the morning Raghavan complained of pain in the leg and did not go to take his usual walk. The next day Raghavan got a letter from his office sanctioning three months privilege leave for which he had applied on grounds of ill health.

In the period when he was on leave Raghavan rarely went out of the house, but was morose all the time, and whenever he was with Leela he forced a smile. During the daytime he never stirred out of the house, always kseping himself within his room.

A month or so elapsed in this manner, and one day when Raghavan woke up from his noon nap, he heard two persons talking in Leela's room downstairs. Raghavan quite eager to know as to who it was, peeped through the window and heard the next house Jaya saying "You see how fruitful my trick is and how much you owe me for my advice. See whether he goes out nowadays, leaving you alone in the house." Leela replying said "No. Jaya. Though he is at home he is not sparkling with wit and humour as he used to be. Whenever he sees me he forces a smile, and on my back moroseness appears on his face. I am quite determined he is suspecting me of infidelity. A grave charge indeed. I am worried day in and day out as to how I should prove my innocence." Jaya consoling the weeping Leela said "You foolish girl why do you weep? Do you think your husband is a fool? You say your husband is suspecting you from the day you played the trick. When he came and knocked at the door. you did it simply to keep him at home to keep you company, for which you longed so much. Now since he is suspecting you, he is keeping himself at home and watching you hoping to catch redhanded that imaginary culprit "Ramu." After waiting for a long time he himself will get convinced of your innocence. Why do you weep for that" So saying Jaya consoled Leela who hearing the clock strike three rushed to the kitchen to prepare coffee for her beloved.

Raghavan quite assured of Leela's innocence through his eavesdropping, tried to give Leela as much of his company as possible and restored confidence in her with a loving kiss.

---

fell down, the sari got loose and all the feminine graces which had enchanted Vas only the previous evening—vanished within the fraction of a second—and there stood in her place, one Mr. Ananthan Nair, the fair lad from Trivandrum of Room No. 22......

......All of us ferociously encircled Mr. Vas and sang the Indian nuptial deities over his lucky love episode!

Now Mr. Reader, I leave you to imagine how Mr. Vas felt that evening. What happened later I fain shall tell you but Mr. Editor is angry for this length and I suspect very strongly that Mr. Vas is perhaps a bosom friend of our Dear EDITOR.

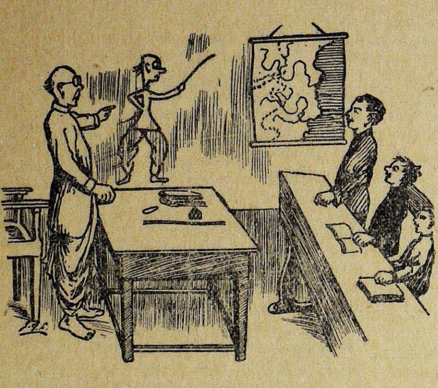
The Universal Pickpockets' Syndicate

By "Nath."

The hundred and seventieth Anniversary of the U. P. S. was celebrated with great eclat in the "Gloom Gardens" of the Land of Nod under the presidentship of Mr. Lightfinger. In proposing Mr. Lightfinger to the chair Mr. pick-pocket, the immortal founder and Secretary of the Syndicate said,

"We have great pleasure in choosing Mr. Lightfinger as the President of to-day's function whose name signifies the one indispensable equipment for the successful accomplishment of our art. The art of pickpocketing traces its origin to the remote past when it was inaugurated in its crudest form by the first man Adam or some member of his family plucking the fruit of the Forbidden Tree, and has been handed over to the succeeding generations never to be reformed until the advent of this syndicate. The object of our syndicate is to elevate pickpocketing to the status of a fine art and thanks to the considerable help and valuable advice of expert leaders like our Honourable President who, by the way, is a successful hero of a hundred and more adventures, success has been crowning our efforts hitherto. On behalf of the syndicate I offer my heartiest welcome to Mr. Lightfinger and propose him to the chair."

WOUNDED PRIDE



Teacher: (angry that boys should have drawn his picture on the wall): "Whose mischief is this?"

Boy: Not mine, Sir; it is the parents' sir.

Amidst loud applause the chairman delivered his presidential address.

"My dear comrades and pickpocketing brethren! I thank you for the honour done to me and for the encomiums your kind Secretary showered on me. Now, I need not tell you that we are passing thro' critical times (cries of hear, hear) The public at large, have a deep aversion to our calling and are devising means to stifle our art. We should be on the alert and combat, as becomes the members of the U. P. Syndicate, all attempts to ruin us. I have often found those who have taken to daylight robbery being caught red-handed in the midst of their operations and put in the stocks. In one of my attempts to break into a house in daylight I was about to be caught, but I bolted away and made myself scarce in those places for many years to come (laughter). Ever since I bade adieu to that hazardous job and embraced the creed of pickpockets. My dear colleagues! I appeal to you not to run any such risk. It is better to keep quiet than to make unsuccessful attempts and be caught. I understood from the Secretary that most of you take pickpocketing in a restricted sense. But I may tell you, that of late, the word has acquired a wider connotation and picking things from any part of the man's body tantamounts to picking from the pocket. My veteran friends, do try your art only in crowded places." (Long and continued applause). The President than resumed his seat.

The annual report was then read and adopted. In the course of the report the Secretary gave a glowing account of the syndicate's activities despite the fact that some of the members were then His Majesty's guests, either through misforture or lack of tact.

Then the following resolutions were moved.

Mr. Fleetfoot moved the first resolution which ran as follows :—

"That in the opinion of the U. P. S. all Tailors of all nations should be requested to abandon the pernicious habit of stitching the pockets inside the garments of the ladies and gents, since it renders the work of the lightfingered section of the thieving fraternity extremely difficult and often exposes them to grave troubles."

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Quickhand brought forward the following second resolution.

"The U. P. Syndicate hereby resolves to be thankful to all International press agencies who intimate to the General Secretary of the U. P. S. from time to time the latest fashions obtaining in the different quarters of the globe, with special reference to the place where the pockets are situate in the costumes of the people so that the work of the members of the U.P.S. abroad may be facilitated."

After a hot debate the resolution was passed by a large majority.

Mr. Pettythief in proposing the third resolution,

"That the U. P. S. records its emphatic protest against the procedure adopted by certain associations similar to it, in enlisting novices for pickpocketing." dwelt at length on the untold misery the system caused to thieving in general and to pickpocketing in particular.

Mr. Robber in opposing the resolution said that if novices who loved this art for arts' sake were not admitted, the art itself would go out of existence. He sagaciously pointed out that all were not born-pickpockets, and a novice of to-day would *ipso facto* become an expert to-morrow. He further suggested that a Central College for instruction in pickpocketing and allied arts should be established in the City of Dreamsland, and degrees should be awarded to successful outgoing students.

The third resolutisn was put to vote and lost.

The President in his concluding remarks associated himself with the sentiments expressed in the resolutions and wished long life and prosperity for the Syndicate. With a vote of thanks to the chair the meeting terminated.

(This is a purely fictitious article.)

Next number "A Central College for Pickpockets."

THE GENTLE THIEF

IT was a cold winter new-moon night. Ram Lal threw open his bedroom window and peered outside into the unfathomable darkness. But for some municipal lamps twinkling dimly here and there, the whole country side was immersed in the inky gloom of a new moon night. Ram Lal then let down the window blinds and went to sleep.

The far off municipal clock struck twelve. Ram Lal woke up suddenly. As if by some instinct his right hand went under the pillow in search of his key-bunch. As usual he went into the next room to see if everything was right with his iron safe.

But what do you think he saw there? The candle was still burning by the safe. The safe was wide open. All the contents, promissory notes, bonds and all lay thrown promiscuously all over the room. A few currency notes and some rupees lay scattered on the ground as if neglected by the burglar. In a moment he knew that his safe had been burgled. The next moment to his great horror he found the bundle of currency notes worth about fifty thousand rupees missing! His treasure, the money he valued even above his life was not there!

"Thief! Robber! Thief," plaintively roared Ram Lal at the pitch of his voice. The next moment he jumped to the telephone and roared into it, "Oh Sankar! thief! my treasure gone! come...come by all means."

Then crying, "Thief! thief" and tearing down his hair he rushed out to meet his friend and the local Police Inspector, Sankar Lal who came there in hurly-burly.

This funny friend of his, this Sherlock Holmes, as he imagined himself to be, got inside and scrutinized everything in the room with his pocket lens and all that.

P.I.—"So some light fingered gentry has after all walked into your parlour to walk away with your money"

R. L.—Devil take you and your humour and enough of this Sherlock Holmes and Holm lock Shears methods! What I want is my bundle of notes and not your light fingered gentry and all that nonsense! Oh! What am I to do? All my savings are gone and you still prattle some nonsense and walk on legs, knees, head and do all those nonsensical feats of your trade and thus waste time to spoil everything!"

P. I.—(laughing) "Well, my friend! Let us be methodical—go step by step. Now, first question—Before you retired to sleep did you lock the safe? Second one—If the safe has been opened by some body else with some other instrument then where are the scratches on the box?"

R. L.—"My God!...What have I done! When I got that wire at 9 P. M, foolish of me! I left this room urgently and so I can't now say whether I locked it or not."

"Oh! Woe! woe! Where is my child? Where is my darling?" and so arose a cry from the next room. For, Ram Lal's wife who got up to know this theft, could not find her small boy by her side!"

R. L.—"My child too gone with my all! Oh Sankar Lal! What shall I do!..."

P. I.—"Very sorry, my friend. Stop your moaning. Let us search before it becomes too late. So the thief had two birds at one stroke!"

R. L.—"Those notes I can earn, but where am I to earn my darling!"

The inspector as usual began his thorough search of the house. At last he came to the kitchen, next to Ram Lal's bedroom. Quite accidentally he lifted up the folds of a long saree partly lying on the ground and partly hanging from a nail on the wall. What he saw there made him speechless and for some moments he stood spell-bound. For never in his life did he chance to find the culprit so easily. The next moment he ran to Ram Lal.

P. I.—"I have found out the thief! But I am sorry I cannot bring him to justice. He is too elusive to be caught within the clutches of any of the provisions of the C. P. Code of old nor of the all-embracing Ordinance Bill! of the present The law cannot affect him! We have to pardon him. Still in his hands there is that bundle of yours! And the greatest wonder of that is—you cannot have it back by force but only if he gives it to you of his own accord!"

R. L.—So you are some new Sherlock Holmes of the East who would let go the culprit! Perhaps he is a chum of yours! So you talk like that! But where is my child!"

P. I.—"Well, follow me and I shall give up the thief to your custody, though I by myself cannot even dare to touch him, in spite of all the powers vested in me!"

Ram Lal, his wife and the inspector walked noiselessly to the kitchen. The police officer gently lifted up the folds of the long saree and under it, lay the culprit who tried to bolt away with Ram Lal's child and wealth! He lay crouching, dead asleep and quite tired of his midnight depradations and there in his hands the stolen bundle lay all in tact! But where was that child?

Now Ram Lal and his wife stood still with their eyes on the sleeping robber and their hearts full of happiness. They even did not like to disturb that villain's sleep. Then Ram Lal gently' very gently took the bundle from the fellow's hands, turned to the Inspector and said—

"It is my fault. I failed to lock the safe and so the business became very easy for this fellow? It seems this thief, as he did not find any one near him has come here—found the light burning in this room, saw the safe open, so, very easily took the precious bundle ofmine, scattered the things he did not want, did all sorts of havoc on my papers, then stealthily walked into the kitchen, perhaps thinking it to be the outlet and there when he came close to the wall that saree fell down on him; he got entangled in its folds and quite overcome with his work fell down in a deep sleep, only to be caught by us in the end. So this must be the history of the culprit's adventure."

And now, what do you think, that Ram Lal's wife did! Even before the eyes of her own husband and a stranger, she laid herself by the culprit's side and gently kissed and embraced him.

"Oh! What indecency is this! To kiss the very fellow who tried to bolt with the child and money! And even embrace him fondly, and that before the eyes of her own husband!" so spoke the Police man.

Ram Lal cordially shook his friend's hands. Then all laughed and laughed

over the whole affair and then stood staring at the sleeping robber.

Now who will harm this gentle thief! Though helay on this earth, his soul fresh from heaven was soaring in the calm region of childish simplicity and innocence! This gentle robber who steals away the hearts of all, is free from the petty sins of this world. His heart knows no evils. His gentle love and charming smile disarm even the most cruel of mankind. His incoherent prattling is sweeter than the most melodious music. So that was the thief and such was his description!

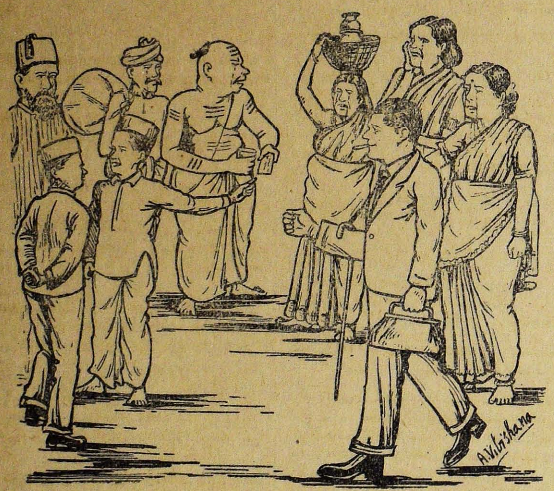
Ram Lal's wife caught the thief in her arms and locked him in the prison of her soft embrace. Ram Lal on his part punished that gentle thief with numberless kisses.

The police officer who very well enjoyed the affair exclaimed. "Ram Lal! That is all right, but where is my reward?"

Ram Lal jokingly replied, "you want reward! Go home and get your reward from Kamala whom I have fully instructed to give you reward or punishment, whatever you please! As a reward for all your future deeds, I have already given my sister to you!"

Thus Ram Lal found both his lost treasure and child in the thief himself.

PARTINGS ALWAYS PAINFUL.



Vasa, friend of Ramji who is vacating his rooms for a new place: "Gopan, here is our Ramji coming away; but why are all those people shedding tears?"

Gopan: "Vasa, you know Ramji; to know him is to trust him; the landlady has to get at least for six months; that gowly lady has not been paid for butter or milk or curds, no, not a pie: there is the dhobie who has been washing Ramji's clothes for love; our Coffee-Club Sastri weeps like a child because Ramji was such a munificient patron of his, though for months he has not even thought of the matter of payment; the Tailor Saheb is speechless, because, as a good muslim, as his name also indicates, he is a true Rahiman, a man of mercy—in the tears of others he has not the courage to give out tears or his bills and even the old sweeper too weeps: such confidence he has inspired that parting cannot but be a terrible trial of tears."

Negroes Invade London Theatres

Time was when Paris and New York were regarded as the rendezvous of negro actors and actresses.

To-day all is changing. The coloured stars of all the world seem to be flocking to England as fast as the Ministry of Labour will allow them.

In the past few months England's theatrical agents seem to have dovelop-ed a negro complex. One variety theatre has already been running all-coloured shows, and now we are informed that Josephine Baker is to star in a London revue during the autumn.

At the same time Irving Mills is negotiating to bring over Cab Calloway, the coloured band leader, and present him at a West End theatre in an all-negro production.

Where is it going to end? The present craze began, I believe, with Louis Armstrong. This coloured lad from New Orleans came to London with his 149 suits, blew a trumpet as it had never been blown before in England, and conquered—so much so that in a few days he will be back at the Holborn Empire and all London's musicians will be crowding there to experience once again the grand thrill of hearing him play a solo almost entirely on the top notes.

PEARSONS' WEEKLY.

Strange--But True

In Japan a child is looked upon as a year old the day he is born.

* *

Most pilots on the American airways system carry a rabbit's foot for luck.

* *

Safes are taxed in San Domingo on the theory that a man with a safe must have money.

* *

The natives in Senegal wear charms made in Birmingham to guard against the Evil Eye.

* *

The Japanese believe that the earthquake of 1923 was caused by a monstrous catfish swishing its tail.

* *

The policemen of Curacao, Dutch West Indies, carry green sunshades as a part of their regular equipment.

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Police Women of the World

There are many times when a woman can be of great value in the force.

She is never intended to take the place of men, but to work with them; and here are a few of the duties she is prepared to perform amongst women and children:

Searching women prisoners; taking charge of them in the cells and of women and girls who have attempted suicide; attending women and children in court, and escorting them to prison; collecting evidence from women and children and dealing with drunk and disorderly conduct.

The duties of a policewoman vary according to the force she is in and to the ruling of her Chief Constable. In some forces, and particularly in the Provinces, the policewoman has the same standing and powers as the policeman. In others her duties are restricted and, not being fully attested, she has not the power of arrest. In several towns policewomen are winning high praise from their Chief Constables and from their men colleagues.

Here is a story told by a policewoman. A little girl came from the far north of Scotland to search for domestic work in London, where she had heard that jobs were to be had for the asking and wages were high.

A cousin, who was on a cargo boat, got her a cheap passage down the coast, and she landed full of hope.

But no one seemed to want a little Scotch maid without a reference; London was big and unfriendly and her small stock of money melted away. At last, one evening, she crept, hungry and weary into the waiting room of a railway station to rest her aching feet. Making up before the mirror was a smartly dressed woman.

"Hullo, kid!" she said to the girl. "You look glum, what's up?"

"I've no money," wailed the poor child, shaken out of her Scotch reserve.

"That's all right," said the other, "you come with me, I'll show you how to make money."

The girl looked at her and understood.

"No, no!" she cried. "I couldn't do that."

The woman stared at her and then laughed, not merrily.

"All right," she said good-humouredly. "If you won't come with me I'll go with you, and I'll take you to the women cops. They'll know what to do with you."

They did, and in two days the girl was on her way home to Scotland, safe and very grateful to her kind friends the policewomen.

America has had aerial policewomen for several years. They are, so far, the only air-policewomen in the world, and at least two of them are on duty at Beverley Hills, California, where they help to control aerial traffic.

In appointing policewomen preference is given to those who are of the plain type, and the use of make-up is strictly forbidden!

China, on the other hand, seems to believe in setting a thief to catch a thief, since in the qualifications it is required that a policewoman must not have served more than one year's term of imprisonment!

Otherwise, they must be unmarried and over eighteen years of age but under twenty.

Russia naturally has women in her police force, since every kind of work and profession is open to both sexes under the Soviet Government.

Japanese policewomen learn traffic control amongst their other duties.

"Mother, Papa would't murder anybody, would he?"

"Why certainly not, child! What makes you think that?"

"Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, 'Let's kill the other two, George.'"

* *

He (during quarrel): "Now, I know why women are called birds."

She: "Oh, and why is that?"

He: "Because you are always chirping."

She: "I understood it was on account of the worms we pick up."

* *

Loudly as many of us protest against noise, we know in our hearts that the really terrifying thing is silence.—Mr. Robert Lynd.

* *

Alone among nations, the Jewish race trusts its future not to arms, frontiers and alliances, but to goodwill and understanding.—Dr. S. M. Lehrman.

* *

Peace is too often presented as a rather insipid female in a nightgown with a dove on her wrist and a wreath of rather faded laurel in her hand—Mr. P. H. B. Lyon.

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FROM DODDA BETTA

BY JAI SANKAR.

I have left Mount Kailas for some time; for I am very much worried by the aerial explorations of scientific geographers, and by the stratagic aerial bombing on the frontier,—I mean the North Western Frontier of Hindusthan. I have shifted my seat to Dodda Betta, the highest South Indian Peak that lords over the Queen of Hill Stations, hoping that I could command a good view of *most of the game*, with perfect ease and peace. Saint Agastya is supposed to have his head-quarters somewhere about Dodda Betta, and the good people of Adayar, viz., the Theosophists, have long ago established an Agastya Lodge at Ooty and it is surmised that the sage now and then reveals himself to the people who, in the plenitude of their modern mechanised wisdom fail to recognise him! I shall, of course, have Agastya's company whenever I desire by radio,—not the mechanical radio of the day, but the *mental one* about which so much is spoken in our epics and puranas. As I wish to live here *in cognito* for a while, I shall not disturb the sage with my proclivities, but shall pursue my game in solitude and in independence.

* *

The Dollar-Sterling Drama is the funniest ever enacted in the story of man on earth. Which is the Almighty, Dollar or Sterling? This is the question that is agitating the minds of the civilised people on either side of the Atlantic. Our rupee has been tacked on to the sterling, leaving our good old golden Mohur out of account altogether! The Franc is quite frank, and it is paying its penalty for its inopportune out spoken-ness. The German Mark is assuming new shape under the Nazi hammer, while the credit of the Russian Rouble is ever growing high, not with standing the several bulls of excommunication hurled at it from various European chancelleries. The Far Eastern Yen desires to assume the huge proportions of an Almighty by capturing the Indian and Chinese markets. So goes the world-wide currency-war, and unless and until our historic Gold Mohur is restored to its pre-eminent position, the affairs of the world cannot but remain in a chaotic state.

* *

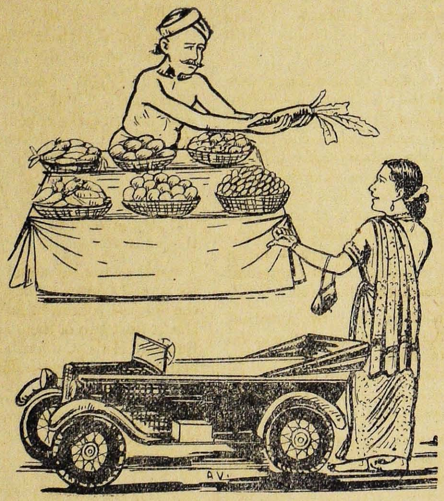
Hitler's Aryanisation of Germany looks queer in these days of racial conglomeration and cosmopolitanism. His Vendetta against the Jew is heartless, but perhaps, Hitler is unconsciously helping the Jew to go back to his ancient home of Palestine and flourish there in consonance with the Mosaic Law. In no other country is there such a bitter racial war as the one we meet within Germany. In comparison with this, the Brahman—Non-Brahman war in South India pales into insignificance. There should be sufficient cause for the new fashion of Jew—baiting in Germany, and I shall try to probe into the mystery sometime later.

* *

President DEValera and the dismissed General O'Duffy are each planning, in his own divergent way, to gain "Purna Swaraj" for Ireland. The President's "Republican Army" and the dismissed General's "National Guards" are said to be both heavily armed and there may be a violent display of "fireworks" at any moment. The struggle for Iirsh independence began long ago, and Irishmen are still treading the "long long way to Tipperary." Civil war in Ireland will convert "Emerald Isle" into a "blood-red battle-field", and it may be that an Independent Ireland will grow out of the fratricidal fray! we, in Hindusthan, have much to learn from the foot-prints that Irishmen are leaving on the sands of time, although non-violent-wallahs would need neither army, nor navy to attain their ideal of sterling integrity and independence, not only for individuals, but also for nations.

More in my next.

Many dukes would be better in a factory at 14, and many dustmen would be better in a secondary school.
—Lord Eustace Percy.



Vegetable Shop-keeper: "Shall I also give you some horse radish?"

Miss Manorama, M. A., "No, thank you, I have a car."

Wrangler's Letters—II.

An Open Letter to:

Mr. S. Satyamurthi, B.A., B.L.

SIR,

Madras is silent; strangely still. The golden sands bordering the Bay of Bengal listen but to the solitary wail of the waves. The whole city misses your thundering eloquence.

Yet, this silence on your part is hardly self-imposed. Some say that you are taking a rest cure. They are wrong. It is good to see your appearance in the Press wielding the same weapon of vituperation though against minor foes.

Of late, you have developed an irresistible desire to emulate your avowed master, the late Desabandhu. But is it not unfortunate that in doing so you should prove yourself the target of those whom you once used to pelt with your verbal bullets? Could your present attitude be the outcome of carrying your creed of Complete Independence for which you fought some time ago rather a bit too far? You are now trying to be independent of that organisation as a member of which you have achieved undying fame. Silent disdain marked your attitude when delegates went to the Third R. T. C. Eager anxiety stamps your utterances now.

Council-entry and acceptance of office form part of your personal creed, and some of your brethren in Bengal are hastening to support you. It is hard to visualise you on any other seat than that of the Opposition. Ministers trembled at your volcanic volubility. But if you were one of them your eloquence would be wasted in turning out stereotyed replies. The Council Hall will lose its glamour, and ere long you yourself will be tired of the whole business. Even as a section of the Indian Press suddenly realised its power—or lack of it—and played second-fiddle to the so-called constitutionalists, you, for reasons best known to yourself, began to pick holes in the Congress Platform. Your anxiety in doing this was equalled only by your zeal of recent days when you entered prison. This is intriguing. But I suppose it is all part of the game of politics. If the public fails to understand you, it is hardly your fault.

You are born in a country where the artist and the man are often confused; and as a result of this mentality you suffer at the hands of a vascillating public whose change of opinion surpasses in rapidity, even that of the achievement of the professional politician.

In the worship of the Muses; you are an ardent devotee. You are an artist both by chance and circumstance. A few years ago you spread an epidemic of elocution throughout the country. Young, would-be Satyamurthis flocked to your lectures and memorised your speeches. I was not one of them; for I was content to listen. You used your oratorical powers to diffuse knowledge on all subjects. Music, Drama, and Philosophy alike, apart from your favourite hobby, Politics, found a ready propagandist in you.

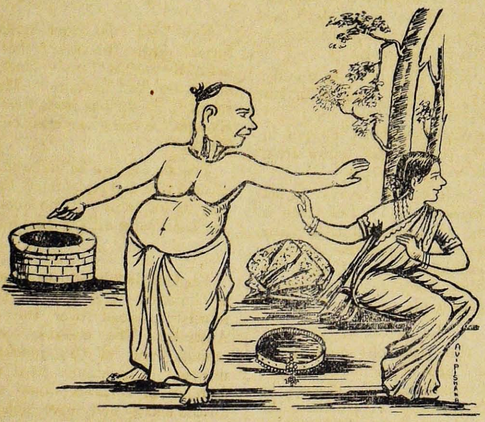
Your best role is that of a critic and in it your genius shines. The role of a creator will hardly interest you, however much its golden glamour may enchant you. By all means, grab the benches in the legislatures. But do not leap across towards the Treasury Bench. The time for it is not yet. The critic in you will find it irksome. And Madras cannot for ever be listening to the ocean's roar and the traffic's din. It can grant you leave for a rest. Your slashing pen may replace your lashing tongue for a while. But Madras will be awfully dull if the tongue does not trumpet forth once again. Let it be any thing, Art, Philosophy or Literature; not necessarily Politics. We want to hear you speak; and I for one am corcerned with the artist, not the man nor even the politician in you.

Yours respectfully,

WRANGLER

I would destroy such words as Honour, Prestige and Fatherland.—Professor Einstein.

LOVING OR LEAVING?



Young Wife: "What a torture! No, no, not for my life: nevermind the sarees or belt of gems."

Gushing Husband: "Well, well, Komela, here is the well that will not spurn me as you do."

HITS AND BITS OF SPORTS

BY BUMPER.

Golf is one of the games that is taken up with a national gusto in England. It is indeed surprising that America, France and Germany have not thought of this game.

Of course the continent does not think much of the fight for the Ashes. Perhaps they cannot stand the Ashes stuff and it does not suit their constitution. Tennis and Hockey are the only games that are played by all countries. From the land of the rising sun to the land of the midnight sun these two games are played with a great deal of interest and excellance de luxe.

* * *

This year England wins back the Davis cup after 21 years. And to add to that, England has covered herself with glory, and the Ashes she regained from Australia.

But it will be interesting if France, Germany and Italy competed in Golf also.

* *

The Madras Gymkhana has a very big Golf course. But the Gymkhana may not have the exclusive privilege of holding her head high for very long. For the Madras Cosmopolitan Club has almost secured a big bit of ground for Golf near Saidapet; and very soon in the cool of the evenings our intellectual Indian gentry can till the soil to the top of their bent.

* *

A few tips will not be amiss to the Cosmopolitan Golf Club. The greatest Golf maniacs in England are the retired colonels. Colonels in plus fours with white bannana moustache, and eyes aglow with fire fixed on the ball: indeed that is a sight for the Gods—and the caddies. Bobby Jones is all very well, but one swallow does not make a summer.

The Cosmopolitan Club must enlist a decent number of colonels. And one thing more: please do not swing the golf bags across the urchins who go about near Saidapet.

You may buy your mashy and the golf ball here in Madras; but caddies you needs must import from England. It is only the English caddy that can appreciate your address to the ball. Our local caddies will be the least impressionable. They will not even get the impression you will leave on the links. Without the English caddy, you can as well play Golf in tailcoats and spats.

Use the kings English as far as possible. And thou shalt not swear by the Golf course; for the Lord will hear you, and the caddie will bear witness.

* *

One thing more and I have done. The latest addition to the game are the crows. Just as new rules were passed to make billiards more difficult for Lindrum; the crows have now stepped in to do their bit for Golf. It is reported that crows have stolen not less than 50 balls in two weeks.

Bobby Jones will have to qualify himself as a sprinter along with his driving qualities.

Will the Cosmopolitan Club put in wire nets to prevent the crows from swopping down on the balls?—

It may be a bit too costly to net 70 or 80 acres of land. But there is no knowing what one will do in their zeal. The crows may neither spin nor toil: but certainly they will spoil the game if they keep up their present interest in the game.

* *

Under the title of snobbery in Cricket the Times of India desires that the match Gentlemen V. Players be changed to Amateurs V. Professionals. It is argued that players lead one to infer that they are not gentlemen. But I consider that Gentlemen V. Players "please" and I am sure "they do."

Any one that knows anything of Cricket cannot make any mistake about the gentlemen and players. Ashes and cinders mean the same. But to Jardine Chapman, and Gilligan Ashes have a a powerful appeal. They will scour the seas to bring the Ashes, but for cinders they will leave it to the chimeny sweep to powder his nose.

* *

Not long before, the body line bowling was at our heads and we had to pop our heads up and down over that matter. Body line bowling—that reminds me of the second christening it had had: Head High Bumpers. What's in a name, that which you call body line bowling, would bump as high by any other.

* * *

Interest has now veered round over the question of bails. Should they be or not be on the stumps on windy days? There's the question. Can captains agree to any conditions amongst themselves? That's the rub.

Jack Hobbs thinks they can, and Sir Authur Hazelrigg decides against it.

In the recent Presidency Cricket Match, Billy Hitch wrote about a 'bailer'-one of the bails flew away and dropped down near the boundary. It is rather a rummy thing if bailers have no chance to aviate now and then. At any rate the match in Leicester gave no such chance.

* *

Now that the front rankers have turned down the offer; the question naturally arises "will England win any of the Test matches?" The answer seems to be obvious from the way the changes are being made in the M. C. C. Team.

The answer can be definite if we are assured that the Nawab of Pataudi is playing for India. If he does, ten to one India wins all the Test Matches.

* *

England is taking over a tennis team to America. But the L. T. A. has refused to send over the team to Australia. The decision seems very strange, and at this juncture, most unwise. The excuse, that strenuous matches in America would sap away all the energy and leave none for the Australian matches, is too feeble to hold water. The voyage over the Pacific would be sufficient to get back to their old conditions. Especially as the Times of India suggests, this decision, like an illwind bodes no good.

The 1934 Australian tour in England may be affected by this decision.

* *

When Big Bill Tilden was 32 years old, Henri Cochet at the age of 25 patted back his canon hall service on the principle of 'render unto Ceasar that which are Ceasar's! And Tilden went down before him.

Age is a problem that is avoided like pestilence by man and woman alike. I for one would like to be really younger than I am, and younger still, than I would like to admit. But things must be as they are, and there is no good grumbling.

The age of 32 seems to have a sort of Tutenkhaman curse about it, especially when it is opposed to 25. And what is worse the 7 years difference only makes the older, the weaker for all that.

If we can take the tip from Henri Cochet we should have nothing whatever to do with people of 25 years. Whatever we might do, at the age of 32, we should not ask for the hand of a girl of 25. We are sure to feel too much of the hand of the girl, more than will be good for us.

* *

"The Davis Cup is made of Silver, but it......is worth its weight in gold to the country that has it" And since England has won the Davis Cup, she will have no excuse to go off the gold standard once again.

* *

Sir Samuel Hoare says that he is a lucky President; as it was under his presidentship that England won the Davis cup and the Schneider Trophy. I propose that Sir Samuel Hoare be made the president of the English Hockey Association. Will he be lucky in the Olympic contests? India competing?

Police invariably get those people who help themselves.

* *

In the lottery of life the dentist is always drawing something.

* *

On the sea of adversity, the pawnbroker is captain of the watch.

* *

The antiquarian stores his mind with all kinds of forgotten things.

* *

The best way to keep milk from turning sour is to keep it in the cow.

IN LIGHTER VAIN.

The bus moved on and the conductor said to a young Woman, "Your fare, Miss." The lady blushed and the conductor asked again, "Your fare, Miss." Much annoyed the lady replied "Well, I might be fair. But you have no reason to call me so in public."

* *

The teacher was giving a lesson on honesty:

Teacher:—Suppose a friend lends you a coat. Putting your hands in the pocket, You find that your friend left in it a rupee. What would you do with it. Would you keep it?

A Boy:—Certainly not, Sir!

Teacher:—That is right. What would you do then?

Boy:—Spend it whithout delay.

Son:—Father, Dame Fortune is really unfortunate.

Father:—What do you mean by it?

Son:—Why? Is she not the mother of Miss Fortune?

* *

Friend:—"Is he a good watch-dog?"

Owner of a house:—"Yes, If you hear a suspicious noise at night, you have only to wake him up and he begins to bark."

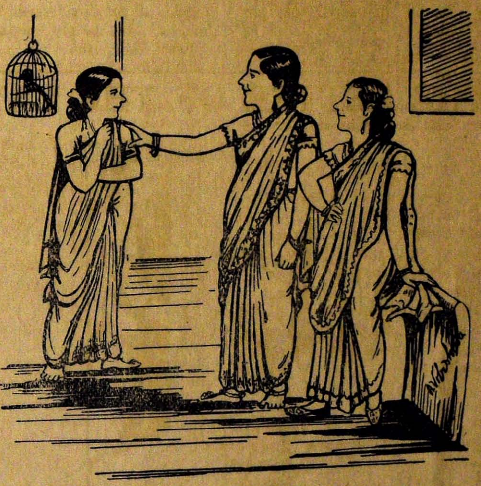
* *

Passenger:—(to the booking clerk) At what time does the 7-45 train to Madura start?

Booking clerk:—Exactly at quarter to eight.

Passenger:—Really you seem to be changing the time on this line very often.

COURT vs. COUNTRY



Miss Manini: "Sumukhi, dear, this lady is evidently from up county?"

Miss Sumikhi: "Manini, that is my cousin from our village. But did you know it?"

Miss Manini: "Sumukhi, dear, why look at the very atrocious length of the arm of the petticoat; surely, nobody can endure it here!"

"MY FRIENDS"

BY 'INCOGNITO-MADURA.'

A. S. V. Sen.

N.B.—The characters and scenes laid down are quite imaginary and are not at all meant to disparage any person.

I have my friends as all others have. Why not? But, my curious friends are catalogued and numbered in my private Diary. Please don't think that they are all of the 'k. d.' list. Neither or they nor anybody else. They are of no other list but mine own. Of those who were and are my close chums, methinks our Sen tops the list. I'm sorry, but truth is truth.

He is neither lean nor tall, but of the average height of the human species. But his curious belly protruding mercilessly a foot and a quarter presented himself to be abnormally stout. But he has a clever head.

"Head only counts," he will say. Neither was he christened Sen, nor was he called by others so. But as years rolled on, in these days of retrenchment, his name ramain. He was in full, Mr. Arogya Sironmani Veerakasan a very long name indeed! Poor man! How he will sign his cheques! (as if he had ever seen one in life, for signature).

So, when he was my councillor and I, his, I wanted him to cut his name; to behead it or to curtail it; Hence, he sometimes called himself as 'A. Sironmani or' A. S. Veerakasan'

Sometimes, he was working with a Military Officer who happened to hail from Bengal. So, taking a fancy to call himself after his Boss, he signed and wrote his name as 'A.S.V. Sen.' A clever head indeed! He knows and speaks half-a-dozen languages, but being a 'Jack of all trades, he is Master of None.'

For a very short time, he was a Life-Insurance-agent, when he pocketed a couple of hundreds from the policy-holders, but calmly underwent the Judge's six-months.

He, our hero is now three and Twenty; his mother was dead, his father was deaf, his wife was a dunce, but he had three children. Later, out of sheer necessity to drag on with family and difficulties in these days, he volunteered to work under a pan-wallah. But he was soon found out to chew and spit plenty a day, and had no pay; but a troublesome day with his wife and hid all day under the heap of hay.

One day, he ran out by the backyard and like a bard, he sang some nasty tunes and acted as a Peon under an I. C. S. Officer. His present Boss was rough who often did cough and at Sen did laugh, for finishing his works half.

Then his wife's influence, God only knows how, got him a permanent footing in a Tea-shop, on a paltry sum of Rs. 10/-plus rebukes from the master and, by way of parenthesis, thrashes from the rustic villains, who came to taste the tea of the Jewish tea-wallah.

After leaving this thankless master, he was call-boy: in a 'Jack & Co' then a petty clerk under 'Jill & Boe.' Again for some days he was head cook: when he was familiarly known as Sen I. C. S., (of the Indian Cooking Service) when he often licked the laddles to avoid being thrashed out for bad preparations.

Thus, he was and is a rolling stone as yet and he has added to the family line by about a couple of children more.

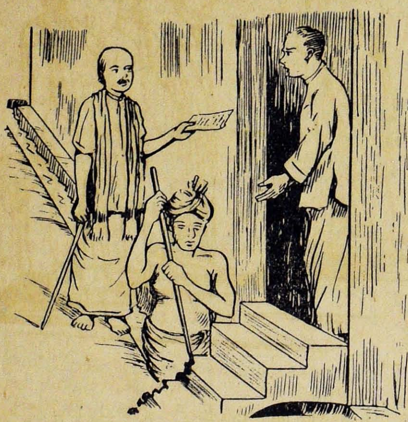
Now, you may still find him with his curious crop that badly needs a trimming, a tattered shirt that had never gone to the Laundry, and half-cut spects with a broken lens, strolling and measuring the streets in the nights, to avoid home and a fighting-wife, who took away his life with cuts as from a knife from her tongue, alive.

He is now familiarly known as Sen Iyer P. W. D. (of the Plate Washing Department!) and he will never answer you unless you call him by the former lengthy name. He was such a friend of mine; can anybody boast of having such an excellent friend.

But our C. P. R. Gem is better than he, that cleans his wife's over-all, that attends to the children, that tends the family cow and does all the 'maid-of all's' work in the household.

Now it is high time and too late; and I hear afar the grumblings of the tactful editor for want of space and leisure, to run more through these lines.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.



House-holder: What the devil do you mean by removing the steps of my house?

Tax Collector: You have not paid your Taxes for the last six months.

House-holder: Granting I didn't.

Tax Collector: That is why I have been ordered to take every step for the recovery of arrears.

Rats! Rats!! Rats!!!

By "Presgo."

That is the present greatest problem, in my house that should be solved. Abbah! Even the very thought of them drives an electrical shock into my veins! You may think me foolish, but, had you an hour's stay in my house, you would certainly find the truth in my statement. Anyhow, let it go. Believe me or not, a fact is a fact;

Now then, you have read the "The Pied Piper of Hamelin", I suppose. Oh, You mock at it! but, I beleive in it, Sir! And I should even thank Browning for lending me his lines for a precise description of the situation.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles.
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

So that was that, The rats in my house advanced a step further. They even bit my MSS.! Were they so sweet? I don't know! As a matter of fact, this MS. has been bitten by them on all the four corners, to which disobedience of MSS. rules, I hope the editor will excuse me. By the by, I would like to inform the Editor that I am contemplating to send some of my vermin to our benign Editor's office (all post paid, of course) to ease the work of the grumbling waste-paper-basket!

The other day, while I was fast asleep, a bold rat jumped up on to my face and did away with half off the right side of my moustache! A clever tonsorial artist, I should say! For, it did this so nicely that only when my wife mocked at me in the morning, while at coffee, I realised the loss of my moustache. Thank God! At least, it had the grace to leave the other half untouched! For the next fortnight, I was worried by the query: "Oh! Why've you shaven your handsome moustache?" I even thought of printing the answer: "Some X, relative had died" on cards and presenting them to those who asked me; but, there was no occassion for the same, as my moustache grew—rather surprisingly quick.

Now to the point, All my attempt to dertroy them were completely futile. First of all, I bought a wire-trap to capture them one by one. But they were cleverer than myself. They somehow supped on the cheese I put into the trap, without being caught in it. So, I threw the trap away disgustedly into the Municipal dust-bin and brought home a good cat which, my friend said, was very clever in catching rats. It was very clever indeed! In what? In mewing, playing, eating and sleeping! My wife soon found out the mistake of feeding it to its fill. She said, that so long as it had no appetite it was not at all going to catch any rats. No sooner said, than done. The cat grew thinner and thinner day by day, but it showed not a sign of improvement in its duty! If I must speak the truth, it tumbled many a time when it saw a tfny rat and sought the shelter of my arms!

Not even this, I tried so many other experiments also but all in vain. So, I left off the vain hope of driving them out.

But by God's grace, I must say, Jaganath came in for my help. In all the world, if I liked to have the company of someone, it way my nephew Jaganath. He was cheery rattling, and above all funny.

"Uncle! Did you say that you are pestered by rats?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, very much. " I said.

"Oh, I've an idea to kill them one by one!"

"How?"

"You see, I've seen Tap-Trap, that is, a plank to which is attached a spring. You put the cheese or bread in the wire and when that devil bites it, it's struck dead by the hammer worked by the spring. There's no need for caging it and allowing it time to escape with the cheese and all that, you see!"

"Yes, a good idea. We shall try it!"

"Why, we *shall*? Say we *will*!'

"Of course, we *will*!"

Though I had not an atom of hope that we will succeed in this new experiment, I agreed.

The very evening, Jaganath bought a new Tap-Trap for a rupee and brought it home. He put a bit of cheese in the trap-wire and kept it in the kitchen room. We were waiting with an *Ever-ready* by our side, ready to rush at any moment the trap may 'tap'.

At last the trap 'tapped'. Jaganath picked up the Ever-ready and switched on; but it did not emit any light Nevertheless, my nephew did not pause. He rushed to the kitchen groping in the dark. I followed him. No sooner did he take the trap in his hands than he exclaimed:

"Uncle! Good luck! A big rascal!"

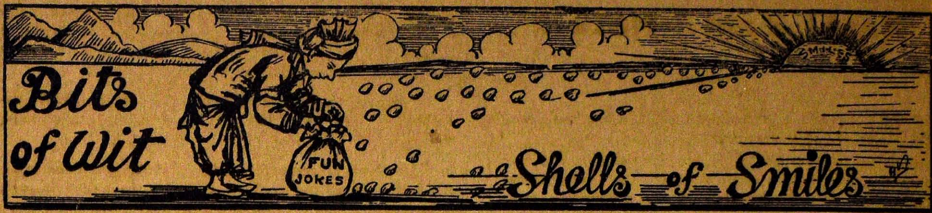
"What! A big rascal, caught ?!"

"Yes, yes, very big! Switch on the lights, soon!"

I was very glad that I was going to beat at least one dead vermin, out of those thousands, which pestered me, to wreak my vengeance. So, with great difficulty, I groped to the switch-board, and switched on the electric lights.

There stood Jaganath puzzled and perplexed, with the rat-trap in his hands. The victim was our pussy, and not any of those *big rascals*, as you all may suppose!

Now, one word more, please. If anyone of you may want to get rid of *cats* or *dogs* in your home, I am ready to supply you with my rats, to devastate them, provided you volunteer *yonrself* to catch as many as you want, of course, everything free of cost! This is the last (or lost!) opportunity for you. Act to-day. and to-morrow may be too late!



Mixed Thrills

It was guest night in the mess, and the colonel began to tell an exciting story of an encounter with a wounded tigress which sprang at him and threw him to the ground. At the critical moment an orderly entered to report that the colonel was wanted on the telephone.

He was absent for ten minutes, and on his return had forgotten which of his favourite stories he had been telling.

"What happened, colonel?" asked one of the guests. "You were telling us of your dangerous situation."

"Oh, I kissed her," said the colonel, airily. "She simply couldn't resist me, and we dined together that evening."

* *

"Does your husband expect you to obey him?"

"Oh, dear, no. He's been married before."

* * *

Seizing a passing stranger, he pointed to a bright orb reflected in the still, shining water of the lake.

"Wha's that?" he whispered, excitedly.

"That's the moon," was the reply.

"Goo' grashus—how did I get up here!"

* * *

Customer: "I want a book suitable as a present for my nephew, who is very keen on hiking."

Temporary Assistant: "Here's the very thing—'The Pilgrim's Progress.'"

* *

The dishevelled stranger made his way into the police-station.

"Are you the sergeant in charge?" he asked.

"I am," replied the man seated at the desk.

"I'm lost," said the dishevelled one.

"You are—ea?" replied the sergeant. "Well, if you can prove that anybody's missing you, we'll take up the case."

Sarcasm

Just as the man arrived on the platform the train moved out of the station. He made a dash for it, but as he was burdened with two suit-cases he failed to get on board. He walked back to the waiting-room, puffing and blowing.

"Too bad!" was the comment of a bystander. "Were you going to travel by that train?"

The other did his best in the way of a scathing look.

"Oh, no! There was a man on that train from whom I borrowed some money a couple of years ago, and I wanted to return it before he left the town."

* *

"Just visited the colosseum by moonlight," he wrote from Rome on a postcard to his wife. "I thought of you as I gazed at the old ruins."

* *

"He was gored by an angry bull." wrote a reporter.

"Don't be tautological," said the editor. "Strike out 'angry'; a good-tempered bull wouldn't do such a thing."

* *

Spending one's holiday is usually synonymous with spending one's money.

* *

A doctor may give a patient hope, but he charges for the time he takes to give it.

* *

A wise man would rather be ignored than bored.

* *

Lots of people would suffer from dyspepsia if they were made to eat their own words.

* *

Some people are not content with being treated well; they want to be treated often.

* *

There is no redress for the man who has only one suit.

* *

Love is a tickling round the heart that cannot be scratched.

All square

A Scottish farmer sold some eggs to the local laird. He discovered that he had included one egg too many in the consignment, and went at once to the laird, who said, laughingly, that it wasn't really worth all this fuss.

"You may be right," said the laird, "but, anyway, have a drink and call it square. What will you take?"

"Egg and milk," snapped the farmer.

* *

You can often judge a man's character by what he thinks laughable.

* *

A bit in the horse's mouth doesn't prevent him from getting hungry.

* *

A fire insurance company considers a conflagration the best thing out.

* *

One way for a young man to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

* *

There must be warmth in the sparkle of a diamond. A glove is seldom worn on a jewelled hand.

* *

First Tar: "Ad your baby christened yet, chum?"

Second Tar: "No fear; nobody's goin' to crack my kid on the head with a bottle."

* *

"Did you do all you could to avoid an accident, miss?" asked the constable.

"Oh yes," said the lady driver earnestly. "I shut my eyes and screamed as loud as I could.

* *

"Yes, and then he lost his temper and flung his gramophone at my head."

"He must have thought you had an ear for music."

* *

"You made rather a lot of visits, doctor," said the convalescent, looking at the bill.

"I had to," said the doctor. "And, remember you were in grave danger every time I called.

Vilasini's Wooving.

(*Continued from page 16.*)

drive and the gentle breeze acted on him, and Ram Ghir found himself in the land of nod.

* * * *

The same evening, the arrangements for the reception of the "guest" were over. A room had been cleaned and furnished for him. It was the one next to Vilasini's in the ground floor. She issued strict orders to the servants in the house not to enter that room or come near it. And, her word was law in the house: her parents had made it so. The servants knew what it meant to disobey her orders. So when Vilasini uttered a commandment the servants never broke it.

The trio discussed the details about their plan. It was decided to ride along the beach after 9 p.m. All else was to be done according to the circumstances.

They took their supper and then supervised the arrangements for the last time. When the clock indicated but a few minutes to nine, Vilasini went to the garage and took her Hillman sedan out. The gates of the bungalow were usually locked at a quarter to nine. So she unlocked it, passed out in her car and locking it with her latch key she drove away with her friends.

In a few minutes they reached the marina. The lights on the road were very dim. The powerful lights had been switched off at nine as usual. The sky being cloudy, the lights were just sufficient to dispel the darkness.

Slowly they drove on. On their way they met nobody. If it had been summer they would have seen cars parked along the kerbside, while its owners would have been slumbering or chatting in the sands. But it was winter and that particular year the season was very chill. So it was but natural that the beach was deserted. And, but for the distant hooting of the horns of the cars driving in other roads and the rumble of the sea, silence reigned. The three inmates of the car were also silent and possibly they were working out the details of their moves in the game on hand.

When they came opposite to the Presidency College the time was a quarter past nine. They drove on and came up to the Napier Bridge, or more commonly called the Iron Bridge, the scene of many a bloody murder. Up to then they had not met with any sign whatever of another living soul other than themselves on the marina. Susila was the first to break the silence.

" It does not seem to be time yet for the starting of our game " she said.

" Do not give up hopes so soon " put in Ann. " We shall wait and see. What if we have not seen anybody? Possibly, it is all for the best. Some fool may stroll in all alone and then will be our splendid chance. So be patient."

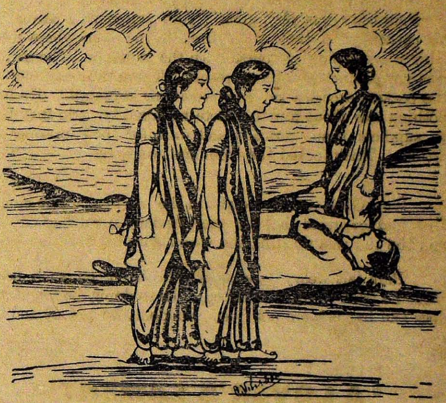
In the meanwhile Vilasini had seen the solitary motor cycle. Without a word she drove up to it and stopped the engine. By that time the others too had noticed the machine. The three got down from the car.

" So there is somebody here. We shall go into the sands and try our luck. We may get a reasonably good catch. Come on, now " said Vilasini

" Have you taken the thing?" " asked Ann.

" That's all right. Don't you worry about all that." So saying Vilasini led the way, and the two other girls followed her. Without any further word the three proceeded. But they could see nobody in the sands. The girls were sure there was a man in the beach then, since they were yet to meet a girl who would dare to come to the beach single at that time of the night. So they searched for the person confidently.

At last they could see Ram Ghir lying on the sands. One or two minutes' observation showed them that he was asleep. Cantiously Vilasini alone came towards him, leaving her friends standing at a distance of about ten yards.



One or two minutes' observation showed them that he was asleep.

When she reached the form of the sleeping man, she reassured herself that the man was really sleeping. Then she took something from under her Sari and held it to the nose of the man. It was nothing but chloroform and she administered a mild doze of it. That done, she called her friends in a low tone.

Susila and Ann came up and between them they brought Ram Ghir to a standing posture and then they began leading him, as it were, and walked towards the car. Vilasini went in advance and held the door of the back seat open and the two came up with the man between them.

They got him in and closed the door. Vilasini took her place at the wheel and started the car.

"I say, what shall we do with this machine?" asked Ann softly.

"We shall leave it as it is. What care we for it?" replied Vilasini. Susila too thought likewise and so the car began to move away. Soon it was rushing in the direction of Vilasini's bungalow at sixty miles per hour.

At the bungalow gate Vilasini got down and opened the door with her latch key. She drove the car in and drew up near the room where their "guest" was to be lodged. They got him out and brought him to his room. They put him to bed after assuring themselves with the aid of another mild doze of chloroform that their captive would sleep undisturbed till the morning. Before retiring from the room finally for that night they took the precaution of adorning his legs and his hands with handcuffs and locking the room in which he slept.

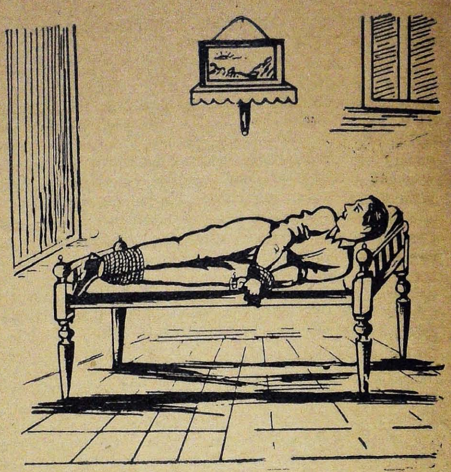
The next morning Vilasini and her friends got up so early as five and went into the room where they had put their 'guest' to bed. They wore masks round their eyes. He was still sleeping soundly and so they returned to Vilasini's room.

They were curious to know who that captive was. To ask him was not possible, since he had not got up. But their curiosity was very great. Ann suggested a search of his pockets. So they went back to the room where Ram Ghir was sleeping, of course with the masks on. The search was not productive of any result. There was nothing in the pockets except a key-ring with four keys in it. He had nothing else about him to denote his identity. So they had to suppress their curiosity and wait for their prisoner to awake. They locked the room and went out.

* * *

Ram Ghir awoke at eight in the morning. The clouds that had occupied the sky the previous night had cleared and the sun was flooding the world with his dazzling light.

Ram felt weary. So as was his habit on such occasions he tried to roll in his bed. In so doing he found his legs and hands were not free. Suddenly he got up and sat in his bed. He found to his indignation that his hands and legs were cuffed. He looked about the room and it looked quite strange to him.



Where was he and how did he come to be there?

He could not understand it. Where was he! He remembered having gone to the beach the previous night. He lay down in the sands and after that.——It was all a blank. Where was he and how did he come to be there? And that with his limbs cuffed!

He did not know what to do. At first he thought of shouting aloud and thus create a disturbance. A minute later he thought better of it and held his tongue and lay in wait for his captor.

END OF PART II.

'A LOVER'S LAMENT'

By 'Incognito—Madura.'

1. My Dear Love, I pine for thee,
   Join me, my mind to free;
   My heart behind, I've left with thee,
   Please, with thine, send it to me.

2. Oft, I dream of thy crimson lips,
   How oft have I clasped you by thy hips?
   To come to you again, my heart leaps,
   But finish must I, the Office-heaps.

3. Thy rosy lips with gentle breath,
   Kiss did I, beside our hearth;
   Though here, methinks, it is death,
   That parts thee from me, on this Earth.

4. Many a night, of thee, did I dream,
   When you to me did beauteous seem;
   Dropped I down from the cot, and scream'd,
   To find it only an awful dream.

5. God has given all lads their mates,
   Then, how is it, He, me hates;;
   Thirst do I for thee, as the dates,
   On the sand which a mortal full hates.

Our Hostel and Its Ghost

BY "PUNDISRAMAN."

To many the rigours of the hostel discipline seem but a farce. The long drawn clauses in the prospectus, and the imperative mood of the sub-clauses laying the life at the hostels, are perhaps but a bait to the parents to draw their young irresponsible boys. With the truth in these statements or notifications, whatever they call it, I am not concerned. But my two years in a hostel were rather uncomfortable under two watch dogs, whose very sight was a terror and whose barks were a dread I do not blame myself for getting into it; no, my father was not the sort to be attracted by the bait of the prospectus, but curse the little boy, my brother Seeni, he drew that name out of three small chits containing the three names of the hostels in the city. As for one, they said, it was highly aristocratic and blind chance denied me its benefits. I could have idly lounged with the aristocrats, sauntered in their company in Cupid's Bow or in the Lovers path near the Girls' College in the beach in a fashionable suit—a whale bone collar and tie, that modern civilized noose round my neck, a pair of pinching Oxford shoes, two shining golden buttons like pendants in a woman's chain, adorning a gaudy chocolate blazer coat with the college crest decorated prominently on the attached pocket, and a pair of white pants—damn it, I can't know it all, and cruel chance combined with little Seeny to deny me the fashion.

Ignaratius, the tank College, the country folks silent resort, laughed my friends, but a nice group of buildings they were in a vast barren land. A dozen neat blocks each with fifty rooms to accommodate a studious young man though the singleness of the rooms deprived the idler of his company, were attractive in their own way. To gather at the corridor and chat a short while was impossible, as the austere warden with cat-like quiet paws would spring unexpectedly and round up with a fine. He was cruel in enforcing his rules and the members meekly submitted to the inevitable. The fine was not by itself so threatening; we could just add it to the hostel bill under special fees, if our various societies and associations failed to come to our rescue—but the card, signed by our Father the guardian of our food, home, and our activities betraying us to our father at home, in his quiet country resort about our faults and the fines, was an unwelcome enemy. But we submitted to the rigours. But how long? It was a tedious ordeal to be denied throughout the numerous show houses and theatres, the blessings of the metropolis.

The posters in their rainbow colours mocked at us. 'Rio Rita' was the rage. The handbills added the insult and the full page reports in our premier daily about the premier film drew us to despair. We could not reist the temptation longer and the council we held at the playground to obtain the permission of the warden ended with a querry as to the person to bell the cat. That was not a vital problem to me but I knew the result, the ready refusal, and I did not like to be deprived of my chance for ever. I put in my resolution, to start that night without any ado after our meals and dare the warden's fury the next day. A deputation then might perhaps wait. But "the roll call at 9 p. m.," shouted my friend at the corner, "we will be caught". And my timid friends fell one by one leaving me alone with the resolution *Sotto voce*. The evening show was out of question for me, as it involved the sacrifice of my food; and there was the warden early night. I had my food at 8 p. m. Confiding in my cook I resolved to attend the second show. The bus dropped me at the Elphinstone in less than an hour and about my securing a ticket, the less said the better. My new tweed coat was torn into two halves at the back and fluttered like the wings of a bird, one of my Burmese sandals was lost in the crowd, and when I rushed to the window the little doors were jammed against me with a shout "Tickets exhausted". I turned around in despair when an urchin offered me a ticket for double its price. Horrible! I thought. But my friends at the Hostel would attribute my return to my timidity and the fear of my warden, and I bought my ticket though at a heavy cost. My sacrifice was great for this unattractive show. I elbowed my way out, and debated within me as to the conveyance to take me back to my room. No bus would ply during that hour to an unfrequented corner of the city. My purse was too slender to afford a taxi and a midnight walk was my only go. The clock was nearing 1 a. m., as I neared my hostel precincts. But lo! there stood beneath a huge murgosa tree at a distance a white gaunt figure, emitting fire from its mouth. My blood froze within me, my pulse was failing and my courage almost deserted me. I had set at nought the tale of the ghosts that haunted the hostels. A burial ground on the left, a burning ghat on the right, these would not breed just a few ghosts!. My blood ran chill and I darted to the hostel a few yards ahead and rolled my shivering frame in my bed. As for sleep that night I saw ghosts every where, tall white ghosts, short dark ghosts, and then the fire ghosts. This was no secret to conceal and I narrated my previous day's experiences to my friends. The ghost was the talk of the hostels. The older boys were eager to confront the creature from the land of the dead, but the little boys found their single rooms a disadvantage as the ghost might peer in through the large open windows whenever it so fancied. My Malayalee friends decided to meet the ghost that night and make the strange visitor quit that place for ever. These airy spirits were so common in their places, they said. Six sturdy fellows armed with huge sticks and penknives lay in wait till mid-night. My knees knocked in fear as I accompanied them to the field beside the College portico. I was not mistaken, for there stood beneath the same tree in that dim light the very ghost, white and gaunt, the fire still there in the mouth. "Speak" bawled my friends as the figure slowly moved towards us. I retraced my steps behind the broad back of one of my friends. "Speak" shouted my friends advancing, at the same time, their sticks lifted in readiness for action. The figure approached nearer and nearer, still dumb, and my friends were suddenly taken aback. Speech failed them and I thought my heart would fail. I lifted my head up. It was not a ghost! It was our warden, the Rev. Father in his loose white gown with a cigar in his mouth, out there at the gate, to catch some absconders of the night.

ORATORS I HAVE HEARD.

By Arthur Lynch.

Oratory on the grand scale may be classified as that of Cicero or that of Demosthenes. When Cicero spoke people said, "What a splendid orator he is"; when Demosthenes harangued the Athenians, they cried, "Let us march against Philip!" That distinction should be kept in mind in regard to the orators here passed in review, for most of them belong to the Ciceronian school, whereas the art of Demosthenes is something much more subtle and interesting. This is so true that if any public speaker has imbibed all the teaching of his elocution master, and knows how to produce well-rounded periods, flowing in regular sequence, I would advise him, if not to forget, at least to hold in reserve in the House of Commons, much of which he has learned. An effective speech resembles less a prize elocutionary display than a plan of campaign, where one position after another is won in the minds of the audience until the triumphal progress is prepared. Of all the speakers I have heard in Parliament I think the only two who could carry their points by sheer oratory were Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Joe Devlin. That does not mean that I found their oratory perfect; there are so many factors—appearance, manner, voice, choice of language, argument, emotional power, impressiveness—that if we were to assign a thousand marks to perfection no one that I have known would come near five hundred.

* *

Of Mr. Gladstone, to whom I once listened when I came to London, I will only say a few words, as he has become an historical figure. A remarkable figure indeed he was as he stood at the table of the House, with his pallid complexion, his boldly sculptured features, his deepset eagle eyes, and the impressiveness of his manner. Unfortunately in the record of his speeches we do not get the sonorous voice with the provincial accent to which he clung; "It is hoigh toime that we wur in urnest in those pro-seedings!"

His speeches, if the truth must be said, do not now read well; the spell of the personality is gone. Even his grandson, who was killed in the War, once confided to a fellow M. P.: "I can't read grandpa's speeches, they give me a headache."

Parnell was also an impressive figure, but not an orator. There was a certain incongruity in his fiery Irish sentiments and the heady voice and somewhat affected English accent in which they were uttered.

* *

Coming nearer to the present, Mr. Asquith was a notable if not a great speaker. His style was altogether classic, both in the orderly arrangement of his speeches, and the well-chosen but tame and ineffective language. He studied elaborately what he had to say and wrote out his speeches in a bold hand, so that he could read the words at some distance. Behold him at the table, a dignified but not particularly impressive figure. The whole audience chamber has the air of being theatrically arranged, with the Speaker as the stage manager. The traditon produces something of that effect, and the manner in which the Speaker articulates his words aids the impression of a sort of pervading though invisible hypnotic veil, which an incongruous sound would roughly lacerate. Then Mr. Asquith rises, composing his twitching features, and in a slightly nasal muffled voice begins his address. The words are appropriate to the atmosphere. The veriest commonplaces have an imposing sound, and his followers nod approval. Every now and then he dips forward, gives his nose a slight tweak, and in a well-modulated, monotonous timbre gives forth the well-drilled phrases, and then turns half round to the back benches to catch the approval that is always forthcoming. The texture of the speech is after all that of platitude. This, for instance, months after it was evident to everyone that the Sinn Feiners were gaining the upper hand: "In regard to the Irish situation, there is no doubt that the centre of gravity (here the turn to the back benches), the centre of gravity (here an oratorical pause) is shifting, is shifting—and in the direction of Sinn Fein." His followers have the look of men who have beheld Daniel come to judgment.

On other occasions I have seen Mr. Asquith violently heckled by the young Tories, and then the classic style was gone. He was an agitated old gentleman, crying out in a sort of perturbed protest, "We're getting on! we're getting on!"

* *

Mr. Lloyd George was quite different. He had the air, really deceptive, of having come unprepared. His eyes were sympathetic and mild at first, and he spoke in the artificial "reasonable" manner of the house; till, whether in the enthusiasm of his ideas, or in reply to interruptions, those same eyes flashed with battle; he was a very Glendower of combat; the emotion gained on him and his voice forsook the English accent and the Celtic rising intonation broke out in little yelps; or again when the oratory had got the best of it, he was carried along in the Welsh "wheel," that is to say, a current that sweeps along orator and hearers, perhaps vague as to the sense of the words but wondering in delight at their flow. He had far more moods than the academic speakers; he scintillated in the wit of impromptu epigrams—already rehearsed; or, again, as I have seen, in the attitude of Ajax fighting with the lightning he rolled his eyes heavenwards as if imploring for the words of power to express the great thought that his labouring breast and husky utterance could but inadequately send forth.

All this was very fine. "I like those little Welsh yelps," Mr. Birrell once said to me. In my own cold contemplation I found much to criticize in these speeches; the versatility of principle seemed capable of outvying the exuberance of the words.

The best speech, or rather peroration of a speech, that I ever heard in the House came from one of Mr. Lloyd George's satellites, Mr. Masterman. He was expounding the Insurance Bill and on a basis of realism, for he spoke of the workmen's homes, he was carried away in a flight of hope and aspiration which, though not lost in mere vaporing, was highly idealistic in tone. Yet on the whole Masterman was a commonplace speaker.

Mr. Winston Churchil struggled against many grave defects, an occasional stammer, an imperfect enunciation, a want of spontaneity in his utterance, and a desire to score parliamentary points rather than to offer a well-reasoned statement. He wrote and rehearsed his speeches; his style was at times modelled on that of Gibbon, but with a spice also of Machiavelli. T. P. O' Connor once said to me that no one exercised a more complete mastery over the House. That was high praise, but even then he secured an appreciative hearing rather than a convinced following.

* *

Of American speakers, nearly all Ciceronians, the greatest I heard was William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He had, with his tall and, at that time, spare figure, his sharply-cut features, his lank black hair and his splendid gestures, the appearance of a Red Indian. In the enormous Madison square Gardens he made himself heard in every word, even when having sent forth a raging rhetorical phrase, he lowered his voice almost to a conversational tone. That penetrating power of the utterance was wonderful, for the voice itself had no specially pleasing quality. The best in that respect was Spurgeon's; it had a clear, silvery quality that carried everywhere through the air. Amongst women Ada Rehan, the actress, had also a voice of silvery quality but still finer timbre, no less memorable than Sara Bernhardt's golden tones. Bryan's speeches pleased by their spangly phrases, but as an argument for bimetallism: the famous "You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold," suggested to me a Yankee "caption" journalist rather than a statesman reasoning out a complex problem,

* *

Theodore Roosevelt was an effective speaker, but not a great orator. I listened to him also in Madison Square Gardens when he made himself heard by shouting at the top of his voice, while the applause, regulated to last a prescribed time, enabled him to rest. He was proud of his knowledge of German, and on one occasion he addressed an audience composed almost entirely of Germans and representatives of Polish ghettos. All went well till a voice at the back interrupted him; "Meinsch Gott, Rosenfelt, try and spik Inkleesh!" Roosevelt obliged.

Yet there is no incompatibility in war and oratory. Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Napoleon were orators. So are Trotsky and Mussolini. One of the most stirring addresses I ever heard was that of Trotsky speaking to a detachment of troops in the Red Square at Moscow, and it was rendered the more striking by the wall opposite flinging back in an echo the ringing notes. The Duce's speeches are like those of Napoleon, couched in the style of bulletins of battle; and his fine presence, sonorous voice, large glowing eyes, and theatrical gestures aid the effect.

Yet of all the speeches I have heard, two that pleased me most came from comparatively unknown men. One was Dr. Beclere, an eminent French physician, who spoke on cancer! He gave us true science with an intimation of deep philosophical thought, but it was my delight to hear fine reasoning allied to admirable diction and perfect choice of words. That is very rare. The other was Edmund Leamy, once well known in Irish politics: he was a fierce fighter, but he was also a writer of fairy tales. On one occasion in the midst of a commonplace and rather halting political speech, suddenly, somewhat in the style of Masterman already noted, he seemed to take wings, and in a voice of musical cadence he spoke of the great things that a nation should cherish and he made us feel for the moment the beauty of that which was, alas, but a dream,

"John O' London's Weekly.

Can one become his own Grand father?

What nonsense! How could that be? Imagine! To become his own Grand father! These were the feelings when I saw the heading. Therefore I began to peruse with interest the following extract. I believe it to be a fact, though not in India, in the place where it had happened. Hoping this piece of news might make you laugh and grow fat, I thought it best to copy down what I had read. Even there, the name of the man who became his own grand-father is not given. The extract runs as follows:—

"I married a widow who had a daughter. My father, who was a widower at that time, was a frequent visitor to my house. It so happened that he fell in love with my wife's daughter. Some time later he married her. The marriage was valid as a man was not forbidden to marry his son's wife's daughter. Anyhow there was a muddled kinship though there was nothing contrary to the laws of affinity. As a result of the new ties my father became my son-in-law. Shortly after my father's marriage my wife gave birth to a son, and he, of course, was my father's brother-in-law, because my son happened to be my father's wife's brother as well as my uncle being my step-mother's brother.

To complicate matters further still, my father's wife became the mother of a son. This new-born was my step-brother. As he was my step-daughter's son he became my grand-child. There fore, my wife for all logical purposes was my grand-mother because she happened to be my step-mother's mother. I was a grand-child to her as well as husband. Since the husband of one's grand-mother is a grand father, and am I not my own Grand father?"

"E. N. B. Krishnan".

Manager's Notice.

Owing to a confusion in the Directions given regarding the Puzzle in the Issue of "*Funny*" Magzin of the 5th August 1933, some have sent their Solutions on Coupons along with Postal Stamps. Of course, when Coupons have been used, the Stamps were unnecessary. But as the value is too small to return, Copies of "*Funny*" will be sent to them.

The Manager,
"FUNNY"

Our Funny Magzin Copies will be available at all Higginbothams, Swadesamitran and Karnataka Mysore Book Stalls and also stall News Agencies.

COMPETITION RESULTS

OF EASY PICTURE PUZZLE OF 5TH AUG. 1933.

Answers to the Puzzle

1. Manage. 3. Impact. 5. Lotion. 7. Rattan.
2. Sundry. 4. Forget. 6. Person. 8. Sadden.

The First Prize of Rs. 30/- is divided among the following gentlemen.

1. G. Ramiah Mudaliar, 594. Chetty Puthi Street, Kumbakonam.
2. P. Martin Samuel, High School Road, M. Chavady. Tanjore.
3. L. Reuben, No. 102.Seppings Road. Bangalore Cantt.
4. M. Balasundara Mudaliar, Secretary, Manimangalam Co-operative union Manimangalam, Manimangalam (P. O.)
5. M. S. Subramanian, c/o M. S. Iyer, M. S. S. Stores Dindigul S. I.
6. V. A. Subramanian, c/o V. S. Aswatha Iyer, B.A., Retired collector Pudur. Devakottai. (Ramnad District.)

The Second Prize Rs. 20 awarded among the following gentlemen.

1. R. Srinivasan, Main Road, Nellikuppam.
2. P. Pitchai Pillai, Kananthattangudy, Tanjore.
3. R. Rajagopal, Jail Road, Thoddavarayan, Covil St. Coimbatore.
4. M. S. Madhava Rao, 464, Kempa Najamba Agrahar Mysore.
5. N. Meenakhisundaram, 154, A Block, Engineering College, Saidapet.
6. P. Panchapakesan, Dt. Police office Vellore (N. A. Dt.)
7. Lalita, 22. Parthasarathy Naidu Street, Triplicane, Madras.
8. M. Shanmuga Mudaliar, No. 4 Inspector Subrayulu Naidu St. Old Washermenpet, Madras.
9. C. K. Swamy, 28. Venkataramapuram, Pollachi. (via) Mettupalayam. S. I. Ry.
10. V. M. Sarangapani, c/o V. M. Mudaliar Esq., Alexander Road, Trichy.
11. R. Kanakasabathi, Clerk, Tinnevelly Dt. Bank Street. Vannarpet. Tinnevelly.
12. K. V. Krishnaswamy, Assistant H. C. I. S. Ltd. 107. Armenian Street, Madras.
13. S. Sivasankaran, 362. Lord Napier Street, Erode.
14. T. Subramanian, 2/24 Sivaraman St. Triplicane.
15. G. Ramiah Mudaliar, 594. Chetty puthu St. Kumbakonam.
16. R. Rajaram, 57. Dalaroy Street, Madura.
17. P. M. Bhaskaran, Inspector S. V. C. Corporation Tinnevelly.
18. M. S. Srinivasan, The flying Club Trichinopoly.
19. V. Srinivasan, No. 1 Guhalayam, Konnua Road, Perambur, Madras.
20. S. Krishnamurthi, 1862. Ambalpuram Pudukottah S. I. Ry.
21. L. R. Kasturirangan, 58. Ander Street, Teppakulam p. o. Trichinopoly.
22. K. V. Ananthakrishna Iyer, 11. C Andal St. Tuticorin.
23. Muthukaruppasamy, Teacher Mahamadan School Srivaikuntar Tinnevelly (Dist.)
24. P. A. Ranganathan, VI Form E. Muthialpet High School Madras.
25. C.S. Narasiman, c/o N. Swaminatha Iyer, B.A.,B.L., Vakil, Agraharam, Selam Town.
26. K. Gopalan, Sub-Asst. Surgeon (on leave) Pullampettai Kumbakonam (P. O.)
27. T. K. Balasubramanian, 41 Ander St. Teppakulam p. o. Trichinopoly.
28. K. Rama Rao, Sub Overseer Door, No. 1263 Weavers Line Mysore.
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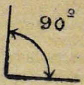
1	R		M	7	F		Y
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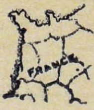
4	S		Y	10	A		T
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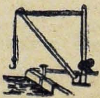
6	T		N	12	I		E

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For example take the first row:—

You will find there two letters R and M at the extremities and the picture of an ant in the middle. The first letter of the picture i.e. ant is A. Now putting this in the place of the picture in the first row you get RAM.

In the same manner the other eleven rows must be worked and the *middles* found out.

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3. A competitor can send any number of attempts. For additional attempts the solutions can be given on a piece of paper provided that each additional attempt not given on the special coupon is accompanied by stamps to the value of $1\frac{1}{2}$ annas. One of them at least must be on the special free coupon to be found in this issue.

4. If the solutions on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one coupon they will not be considered.

5, Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, Middles, Funny Magzin Office, 6, Lawer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

6. No correspondence can be entered into. The decision of the Editor, on all matters relating to this competition is final.

7. First prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession and the other two in order of merit. In the case of ties the prize money will be equally divided.

8. Employee's (also members of their families) of Funny Magzin and other office publication are not allowed to compete.

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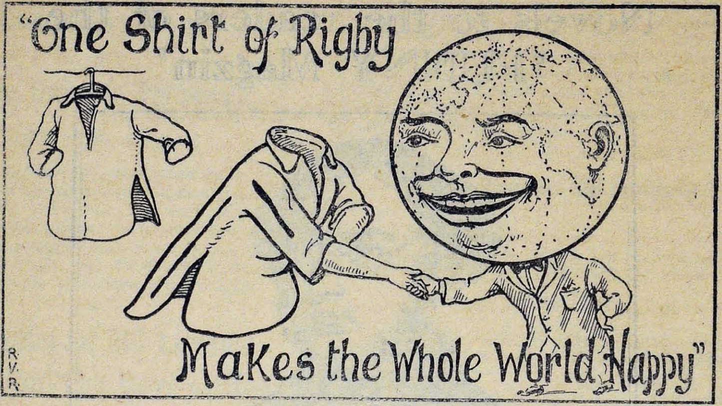

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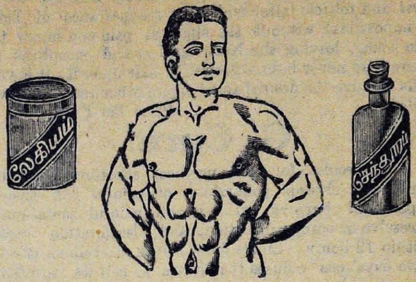

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